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Philip BOBBIN the SECOND.
Born July 27. 1728.

PLEBEIAN POLITICS;
OR,
THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES
of certain
Mole-eyed Maniacs,
VULGARLY CALLED WARRITES,
EXPOSED:

By way of Dialogue betwixt two Lancashire Clowns.

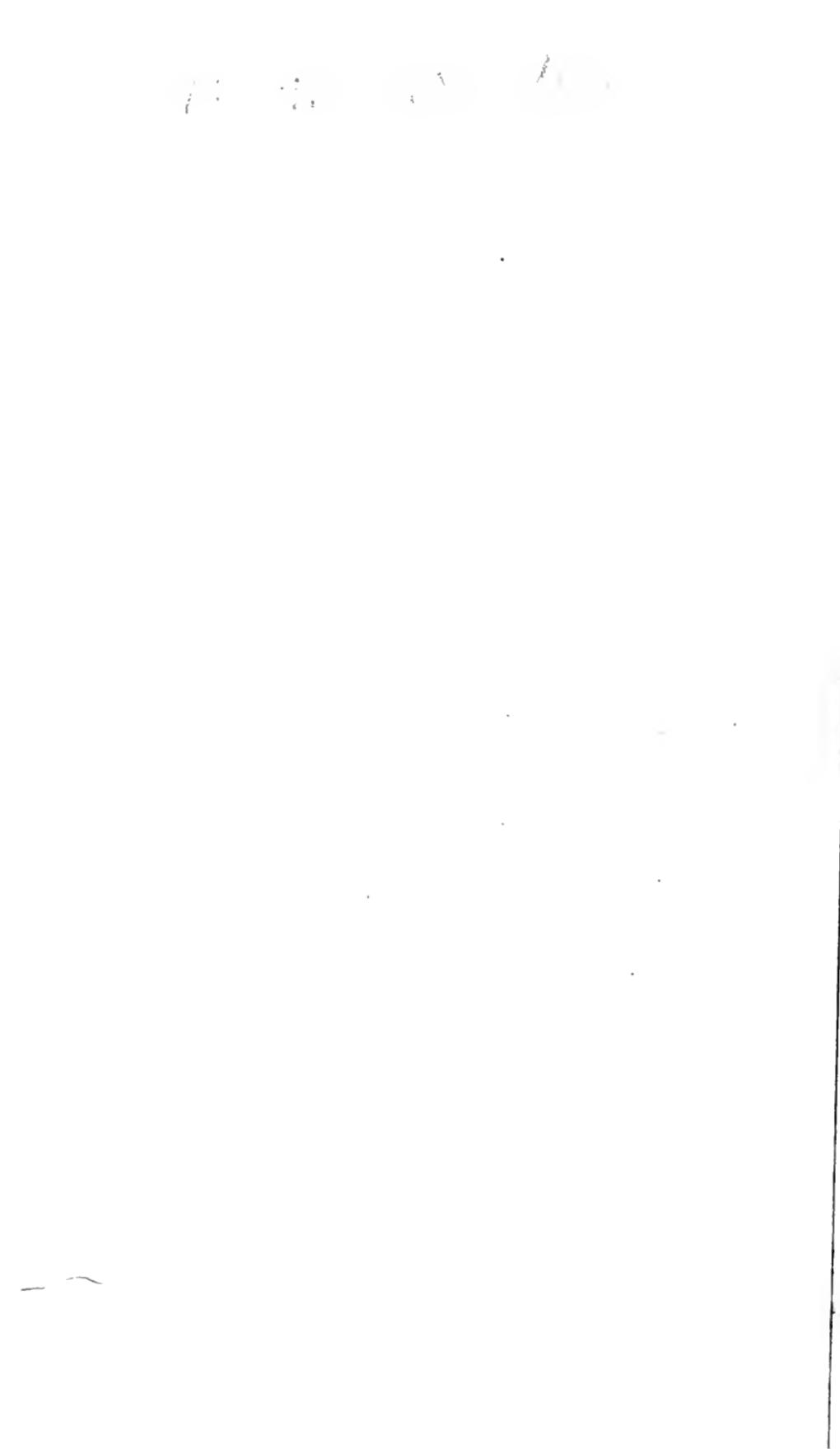
TOGETHER WITH
SEVERAL FUGITIVE PIECES.

BY
TIM. BOBBIN, THE SECOND.

"THEAW KON EKSPEKT NO MOOAR EAWT OV A PIG THIN
A GRUNT." *Tum Grunt*



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PREFACE.

TO THE
Tenants of the Stye in General;
AND TO THE
SWINE OF LANCASHIRE
IN PARTICULAR.

DEAR FORKIES,

The following Dialogue betwixt two of your fraternity, upon the subject of the late Peace, and containing also some severe animadversions upon the shameful inconsistency and versatility of character, which attaches to the patrons and supporters of the late ruinous War, interested my curiosity so forcibly, that I could not avoid taking the first opportunity of laying it before you ; and at the same time, beg leave to congratulate you on the good fortune you have lately experienced, in grunting your approbation of the Measures of Government, on the return of Peace.

I have thought proper to give you this in the Lancashire Idiom, exactly in the manner in which I heard it expressed by Whistle-pig and Tum Grunt : and however either the language or the characters here introduced may have been despised by the Aristocratic and Literary Pride of a

Burke, I do assure you, that the opening of this address is done more out of derision to that Pensioned Apostate, than any contempt for your understanding; for I am perfectly convinced, not only that the provincial dialect of Lancashire contains a rich vein of forcible expression, the venerable and valuable reliques of the ancient Anglo-Saxon and Galic languages, but that the county of Lancaster, as well as every other county in England, may yet contain.

“ Some village Hampden who with dauntless breast,
Can bay the little tyrant of his cot;
Tho’ when he sees his country’s wrongs redres’d,
Can rest contented with his humble lot.”

For the better understanding some of the words and phrases contained in this work, and for the more entertaining my friends, in some remote parts from the county of Lancaster, I have added a small Glossary by way of explanation. If any thing has escaped my notice, which would have made it more pleasing to the public, I hope their candor, and good nature, will excuse any imperfection or inadvertency that may have come from the pen of a country rustic.

T. B.

Plebeian Politics, &c.

T. B. I Went ewt t'other mornink, an whooa
do'n yoah think I shud see boh Tum Grunt, just
kom'n eawt o'th' loom-heawfie, a hark'nink for
th' heawnds, for yoah mun know ot th' seeat
booart is to' whot for a weaver's a-e, iv it wur
at Kersmus; iv th' heawnds kom'n any wheear
nee; an in neaw I seed owd Whistle-Pig, kom-
mink weh a shoo ov his shilder, gooink a gut-
terink for owd Sonny o'Sims; I krope o'th' back
ov a bush, of tey kud'n no see meh.

Owd Whistle-Pig sed, "Good-morro, Tum;
heaw dost doo neaw this Peeos is made? dost get
porritch enoo?"

TUM. Theaw grete flopper meawthit Cob-
flotch, whot has teaw fund eawt; bekose ot teaw
gets kept at other fokes tables, theaw thinks ot
teaw's a reet fort' mey gam ov any body; boh
iv t' must a had theh mete a whom, theaw'd
happen a livt no better thin wee'n don at eawr
heawfie.

WH. Neaw Tum I'd na' ha' theht' be so kroſſ,
 for I thout te no hurt ; boh I kon tell theh won
 think, ween fund awtrekashon at other foke's
 heawses, this last two year ; for wheear I wur uſt
 hav a pint o'drink booath eends o'th, day, it
 would hardly be a jill, an e som pleks noan at
 O, an when ot e koomt' ha' meh mete awhom
 ov a Sunday, I'd az little okashon for meh teeth
 oz tee or any mon els.

TUM. Wha, I kon beleeve theh, Whistle Pig,
 boh, won think I kon fey, an fey true, ot wee'n
 had monny a thin day at eawr heawſe, for wee'n
 bin beh deys t'gether, an had nout for t' live on
 boh a little howd-te-beh-th' woes, mede ov a bit
 o'mele, an faut an wetur, like gruel ; poor foke
 han had a pewer o shifts, for t' get howd ov a
 bit o summot when they'rн welly klemt to th'
 deceothi. Won ov eawr nébors ot had a heawſe
 full o' little childer, set som weter-o'er th' foyar,
 won mornink, for t' miey som thick porritch on,
 an sent a lad for a quatern o' mele, an when
 th' shop keeper fund ot hee'd no munny, hee
 must ha' none ; so when th' lad coom whoam,
 theh'rн fooarſt ta' th' wetur off th' foyar, an four
 little childer, under six year owd, kry'dn oz iv
 the'r harts wud'n ha baws'n.

WH. Both I'll tell theh whot Tum, owd Dik
 o' Jonny o' Noggs, e Saddleworth, had a better
 shift thin o' tha'n, for som time abeawt latter
 eend o' th' last February, after him an th' wife
 an four lods had'n liv't a whole dey o'nout boh

abeawt a quart o' nettle porrich an a bit ov a
 krust o' breawn George: he geet up th' mornink
 after, an sed to th' wife, " I'll tell theh whot,
 Nan, I'm very wammo this mornink, an I con-
 na stond for t' weave meh bit o' th' peese eawt
 beawt summot t' eat, an wee'n nouute th' heawie;
 boh I've a kratchin kom'n int' meh yed, ot iv it
 awfners, we kon toar on till I woven me wough
 an peese eawt :" " Eigh !" says Nan, " An whot
 is it ?" " Wha," says he, " ween fend eawr
 Ned to Jones' o' Robin's o' Sim's o' Will's, for
 a quartern o' mele ; an tell 'im eawer kafe ; an
 t'other three lads shan gooa with 'im, an stond
 abeawt hawv a quarter ov a mile, one behind
 another (for theaw knows, ot th' shop is abeawt
 hawv a mile off) an iv eawer Ned speeds, hee'st
 set up a sheawt to eawer Will, an Tum an Dick
 shan theawt to one another, an theaw'st stond at
 th' Fout-yate, an theaw mey ha' th' porritch on
 in a krak."

TUM. Bith' wuns Whistle-pig, ov o' th'
 scheams ot won has hyerd on (an won has hyerd
 o monny a won) this sheads O ! won has hyerd
 ov a kontrivance ot tey had'n e France, fort'
 carry nuse a grete wey in a little time, er tey
 kod'n a Telegraff....Mais ! Whistle-pig, this shall
 be kode th' Saddleworth sheawtink 'Elegraft !

WH. God a massey Tum ! theaw's kerfunt it
 efeath; boh, as I're tellink theh, they fent'n th'
 lads off, an they stood'n oz they'rн ordert ; so
 Ned went into th' shop, and sed, " I'm kom'n

fort see iv yoah'n le' meh have a quatern o' mele
 for wee'n had nout t' eat fun yestur mornink,
 boh abeawt a quart o' nettle porrich an a breawn
 George krust; an wee'n nout eth' heawse."...
 " Hark the' meh, Ned," says th' shopkeeper,
 " Wheear did teaw leet o' theh nettles ot t'is time
 o' th' year, for there's nope heearabeawt?"
 " Wha," says Ned, " I went deawp into th'
 Weturheawses, an leet o' som ot back o' Jim
 Tealier's, ot th' war-offis, in a warm plek ot side
 o' Joe o' th' Ho Meddow: an oz I're gooink for
 tell yoah, meh fether has nout boh a wough an
 a peese fort' weave, an hee'l goah deawn to
 Mossley, an tak it with im, an ther' will de oathur
 munny or papper, an hee'l pey yoah oathur kneet
 or i'th' mornink. an a kreawn toart th' owd ot
 we ow'n yoah." " Good lad," sed th' shopkee-
 per, " theaw tells a good tele enough, iv 'l do
 oz t' seys, theawst ha' t." ---So Ned, cawt o' th'
 shop oz fast oz hee kud, an feet up a sheawt to
 Will; an Will to Tum; an Tum to Dick; an
 Dick to Owd Nan, at Fout-yate; an beh this
 shift hoo geet th' porrich on oz soon oz Ned had
 getten th' mele int' his poke; for owd Dick o'
 Jonny o' Noggs sweer, ot no time shud be lost,
 for hee kud goah to no wark 'till hee'd somonot
 t' eat; beh this kontrivance theh geet'n reawnd
 th' porritch dish beh won kyd sey trapstick, after
 Ned koom into th' heawse wi' th' mele.

TUM. Egad! Whistle-pig, a gud kontri-
 vanse ov a poor kontrivance; boh mopyn a
 skore han bin Klemt to th' deceath :---mooar's

th' pity !---Tho' I reesun fort' believe ot tey'rn better off thin a meeny ot wurn laft whik :---Boh they'rn as shure kilt olung o' th' war oz iv they'dn bin kilt i'th' war ; for they'rn kilt beh fammin---an some foke think'n ot th' war wur th' kaws on't.

WH. Think'n ! bch the' may be shure, or elze ther' wud no ho bin this awtrekashon i'th' pris'e o' provishions beh neaw :---Boh I'll tell the' whot, I bin ta'en to th' dur monny a toime, when I hyerd some grete letherhyeds, abeawt three or four yeer sin, ot kud'n hardly get the'r guts full o' mete, vindikatink this war ; an iv won had sed out agen it, they'rn ready fort' hit won a slap i'th' sc'e,

TUM. Wha, ther' is som foke ot won wud think th'er hoyd wud never smart, chuz heaw the'r'n flogt ; or elze that foo ov a Dutch-loom-weaver, i' th' Owdum-street, wud ne'er ha gotten up beh four o'clock in a mornink, th' last summer, an wortcht till stone dark at neet, fort keep a wife an a parsel o' childer, an oytc'h neaw and then be yeawlink eawt, an singing, " Britons ne'er shall be Slaves !"

WH. Wha, a grete meeny foos ne'er think'n for the'r sel boh let'n other foke think for 'em ; for iv Billy Pit an his krew had'n sed ot four an five wur'n ten, they'n ha sed so too : Boh it wud set forty foke o'feightink fort kno, what tey began'n this War abeawt.

TUM. Wha, they'n had skuses enoo at won time or another within this last nine year, an that I'll let te kno' afore e' dun:---Boh it wud welly make a mon t' stand o th' rang eend, fort' see whot shifts Billy Pit an his gang had'n fort' get into this kust war ot ween had; boh ivanny body 'll reed th' tenth number o' th' History o' this War, printut by Sowler and Russel (an h may borro it o' Jim Street, ith' Shugar-lone); or Erskine's pamphlet, titl't, th' Kaws an th' Konsequense o' th' present War weh France," he may see, iv he will see, whoa wur i'th' fort; for Shauvlin sed enough to Grenville, heaw ot the French Nathon wish'nt fort' be ot Peofs weh Ingland; an oz we profess'nt fort' be a free Nathon, they little thought'n ot we shoud'n set agen'em gettink their freedum; Shauvlin sed mooro'er to Grenville et it wur th' wish o' th' French Nathon, ot eawer King shud use th' best meons ot hee kud, we these peawers at war, fort' bring abeawt a Peeofs, an stop any more blud beink shed; an mooro'er sed, they'dn so mitch konfidence i eawer King, ot they'dn leeov it to him fort' settle it heaw it must be, or summot to that sens;--- Grenville then made awnser, and sed, "his Britannik Majesty kud not interfere, witheawt o' th' Peawers at War ax'nt him."

WH. Neaw, beh meh Troth Tum, I never hyerd such a senseless, ill kontriv't awnser, e meh live; for theaw knoes, ot iv they must'n o on'em ax him fort' interfere, they must'n fartinly be o on'em toyart; an iv so, they mit'n oz weel a gan

o'er o ther's fel beawt sumbody kummink o per-swadink 'em ; it's just like oz iv thee and me, an another or two, mit'n beh feightink pell-mell, o ov a rook till weer'in o on us toyart, and seed'n a mon stondink a bit off, an ot wee must'n ko eawt to him, an fey, " Run the wey to th' warkheawfie, az fast oz't kon, an fotch George o' Sidebotham, ot he may kom and mak us give o'erfeightink' for we konna give o'er ov our sels, tho' we'er o on us toyart, witheawt he'll kome and perswade us."

TUM. Wha, Whistle-pig, theaw's made a pretty good remark ; boh, heawev'r, the' mede'n shift fort' get into th' War ; an th' furst skuse ot tey mede'n wur, ot tey'dn fet a King uppo th' throne o' France ; boh then fone feawly short o' that :---The'dn had two Kings at a time, er sin I're born, an lung afore ; boh neaw the'n none ; for theaw knoes ot eawr King kode his fel th' King o' France,; boh neaw, hee's ta'en th' sturdy, and has thrut in beink th' King of France : So its like ot tey mun'oather ha' two Kings, or none ot O.

WH. Wha, witheawt ot tey kon keep 'em for less e France, thin the dun e' sum pleks, the'dn better be beawt oather two or won.

TUM. When the' kud'n na fet on a King, then the' fed'n it wur for' droyve Jakkobin prinſi‐ples ewt o' th' kuntry ; boh estcad o' dooink that, the'n driven 'em fur in ; for wheear ther' wur won then, theear's TEN neaw. Burk fed, ther'

wur eighty theawzunt Jakkobins, ot chuz whot labber wur mede on 'em nobody kud mend em ; boh I think ot Billy Pit an his gang han mede eight hundert theawfunt, sin that time ; and tho' the' 're a grete deeol on 'em ballybreant Jakkobins, mooast on 'em win ne'er go back ogen ; the'n bitten so mitch o' th' seawer side o' th' appo.

WII. Boh whot duft' think Burk wud sey *neaw*, iv hee're *whik*? For o' this loyal tribe ar' oather Jakkobins or hippokrites:

TUM. Wha, it's *fifteen hundert* to *won*, boh hee'd ha kode it a glorious Peeofs ; an ha' leet up his Kandles as weel oz anny on 'em; iv it shuted th' bigger part o' th' ferm.

WH. Boh, Tum, will teaw tell meh won think ; I kon remember e owd King George time ot Jakkobites wur'n bekode, like oz Jakkobins ar' neaw ; kon theaw tell meh whot differenfe ther' is between a Jakkobite an 'a Jakkobin ?

TUM. Wha, a Jakkobite is won, ot's O for bakkink a tyrant an arbitrary peaver ; an a Jakkobin's quite t'other wey on ; hee's O for keepink 'im deawn, an wud hav' 'im t' rule wi' moderation. E owd King George time ot teaw tells on th' Jakkobites an th' Kooart party wur'n bekoink won another oz ill oz theeves ; but sume foke think'n ot neaw o' deys the'n mede it up, like Hyerod and Ponshus Pilot, for the' seem'm fort' be frends.

WH. I tell theh whot Tum, huz Jakkobins han bin bekode weh thees Warhawk's, monyoah time ; boah let 'em bluth an put the'r hveod in a poke, at whot t'at little stey-makker did e Stopport ; for o'th' 17th ov August, e 99, when th' grete flood wur, ther' wur sum foak in a kotton faktory, e Stopport, et wur'n gooink for t' be ddrawnt i'th' billdink, an this mon, ot wur kode hout boah a Jakkobin, ordthurt a raft o' planks, an saft th' life o' monyoah pooar kreture, at th' risk ov his own ; an a rook a foos ot wurn brout up e neut boah ignoranſe, stood'n by, an fed'n, " it wur a theawaint pitty's ot sitch a mon wur a Jakkobin."

TUM. Theaw mey fee beh this, whot prejudis koms fro an ignorant bringink up.

WH. Mas! Tum, I think e meh konſhonſe, ot t'is Heaven-born Tinker, ot has bin nine year e mendink cawr Nashonal kettle, has laft it wur thin hee fund it; for hee 's mede pitifoo wark on't, oz far oz hee has gon.

TUM. Whah, boah the' ſen ot t'is Tinker lost his hyeorink, i' th' beginink o' th' ycor ninety-three, on went stark ſtone deeof ; an very likely ther' mit be ſummot in't; for Charley Foks bawlt eawt, boath lung enough, an leawd enough, for 'im t' hyeor, iv 'e kid a hyeard ; heaw ot iv he went on oz e did, he'd fothur up th' ſpeawt o' this Nashonal kettle, ot thud peawer out pecoſe.

an plenty, amung us: Boah he took no notis what Charley fed, an that wur th' eend on't, for wee'd'n nout boah war an poverty o' th' lattur eend o' th' time ot he'd out do weet.

W.H. Ods zeawns, Tum! boah iv it wur naw th' will deeof ot he'r trub'l't weh, iv they'd'n sent for wone o' Jones's bottles, sowd at Tummy Kowdry's, at No. 45, i' th' Owdom-street, Mon-chester, it wud hah kewort 'im, iv he had naw bin blint, an deeof, an dum, an th' Devil in 'im; for they sen it has dun wunthors.

TUM. Whah, its thout be th' wyzor eend o' foak, ot he has bin trub'l't weh three, cawt o' four, o' thees disforhors, ot theaw tel's on; an it's a pitty ot he'd ony mooar use ov his tung, thin he had ov his ceors, for he's dun nout boah mis-cheef weet, this eight or nine yeor o' my kno-lege.

W.H. Whah it's twenty to won, when o's kon-sithort, ot it wur th' will deeof ot he mede use on for t' defeve us by; for theaw's hyeard 'em sey, " ot teeors none so decof oz toos ot winnow hyeор."

TUM. Whah, won think's like another, weh this qucvokatink Tinkor; boah he's bin put to his shifts monyah time sin th' war begun: For I remembor, ot when theos State Prizners wur'n try'd for Hee Treeos'n, he wur kode up for t' witnes summot ot he'd fed sum time before, ot

meh thout wud be i' th' favor o' thoos priznors;
 boah he'r resolv't to forget, an towd 'em ot he
 "kud naw remembor nout abeawt it," tho' ther'
 wur foak by ot fame time ot knew he'r lyink, so
 it wur proovt at tat time, ot he kud remembor
 to forget, an forget to remembor:---E plene spe-
 kink, he kud othur be deeof, or oz good oz dum,
 when he shud doo ony good,

WH.	Whah, I went o' threshink tother dey, to owd Sonny o' Sims, an he sed, " he'd fund it i' th' news," for he awhos took it in o' th' war, " ot when this war-levink Tinker op'nt his But- chet, o'th 21 o' December, 1796, ther' wur ordthurt, for keeping a pafel o' French runagates, ot wurn'n komn to this kuntry, ot te kode'n Tlergy and Laety,	£540,000
	And o' th' 21 o' Novembor afthur, ther' wur ordthurt for th' fame pios purpos,	:68,000
	An he sed, " when this Tinkor un- buk'lt his Butchet, e 1799, ther' wur ordthurt for keepink sum American runagates, kode Loyal- ists,	7,574
	An for keepink sum French Pas'ns, and othur runagates,	242,799
	An sum ekspences abeawt an " Alean Bill," oz te kode'n it, boah the' mit'n a oz weell a kode it a <i>need-</i> <i>less Bill.</i>	6,30

An sum fort ov “ Adressus,” ot te
sed’n wur naw mede gud e Pale-
ment; boah I kno’d nout abeawt
’em,

26,233

O t’gethur wur,

990,915

TUM. Ods zeawns, Whistle-pig ! boah iv I’d
bin i’ th’ post ot sum ov cawar foak wur’n in at
Lunnon, I’d ne’er ov abuste meh fello kretures a
whoam, for t’ keep a pasel ov idle strowlers fro
o parts o’ th’ world a that’n :---Ods blid ! I’d hah
bout sum on ’em a fiele, and uthurs a shue, an
sum on ’em a loom, an I’d hah mede ’em t’ hah
worcht for the’r livink, or the’ shud’n hah tlemt ;
an thoos ot wud’n not a worcht, I’d a sent ’em
for sojurs. Ods flesh, mon ! I’ve hardly any pa-
shonfe, when e think att ; ot I must be peepink
thro a bit a tallo, an a pair o’ spektekles, till eleven
or twelve o’tlok, ov a kowd Winthurs neet, weh
hardly out e meh guts, for t’ help t’ keep fitch a
gang o’ ragomowfins oz thoos :--I wunthurt whot
ra plegue koom ov o th’ munny ot wur gethurt,
for ther’s hardly out ot won other etes or weres,
boah its takst ; boah I need naw wunthur, neaw
theaw’s towd meh, whot konshumod wark this
Tinkor’s Butchet has mede.

WH. Whah, I wunthurt oz weel oz tee, when
owd Sonny o’ Sims towd meh O abeawt it :---
Boah, he sed, I shud wunthur farr, “ iv I’d reed
th’ Kooart Kalendar,” for he sed, “ ther’ wur won
en twenty theawfant a yeor went to Lords an

Grooms o' th' King's Bed-chambor, an too hunt-hurt a yeor to a woman ot te kone a Nellafary Woman ;" whot theh dun for the'r munney, th' Lord ov Oksfort knoes, for I dunnaw.

Tum. Eigh, boh theaw's naw hyerd O yet. Another shufe o' this Heav'n-born Tinkor's krew, wur ot th' war wur fort' presarve Religion and Soshul Ordur; boh I think e meh konshense, ot terc's leſs o' boooth thin ther' wur when the' start'nt; for heaw thud it mis, when the'n drum't an ekforſis't foke O th' Sundy, o'er heaw fort' kill the'r fello-kreturs; ods flesh, mon ! th' Krif-tian Religion teaches no fitch wark. I wur goo-ing by a Parith Church, not a hundert mile eawt o' Cheshur, won Sundy, abeawt two o'klock, an I met two Pa'sns weh grete geawns on, whiewink i' th' wind, an as black oz iv ther'n just koin'n fro' sweepink owd Noll's kitchen chimney; an de-rektly after em I met three foos, pelink uppo three war-tubs; an two fifers, weh a pasl o' Sofiaſhon men, oz tev kone 'em; an a Justis o' Peeois waukink ot side on 'em; an thees two fa-ble faints, ot wud'n be thout fort' bee th' farvants o' th' Prinſe o' Peeoſs, wur'n leeodink thees far-vants o' th' Prinſe o' War, up to th' Church dur, to the'r devoiion; an a grete gazing rabblement wur'n lookink on, an despisink religeon e fitch a shape oz tat, an dere&tly went'n a brid-neeziink, an pleyink at hop-skip-an-lip.---An this wur Religeon.

Wn. I'll tell the' whot, Tum, I think ot tis

fammin, ot wee'n had, has bin a very poor prop
to religeon ; for I hyerd ot a fello i' th' Wood-
heawfes went eawt won Sundy, i' th' forenoon,
and kode at a heawie, an fund th' wife thrung
moppink th' flooar : Hoo sed, " tey'dn woven
till welly midneet, o' th' o'er neet, fort get eawt
som wark, an hoo wur like't' doo oz hoo kud."
Hee went to another heawfe, and fund a fello
twinink in his peeſe, for he sed, hee knew whot
he had fort' doo th' nekſt week, an he muſt hav
it reddy fort' start on o'th Mundy mornink." He
went to th' nekſt heawfe, an fund a wummon
bakeink a batch o' ooat-kakes; hoo sed, " the'
d'n gotten eawt som wark o' th' Setterdy, an
they'dn welly klemmt O dey, an as tey kud'n na
boyh th' mele till th' Setterdy-neet, hoo're like
t' bake it o' th' Sundy." He kode ot another
heawfe, an fund a wummon mendink hur steys;
hoo sed, hoo're foerſt t' doo a that'n, for hoo'd
no time o' th' warty ;" hoo sed fur, " ot t'is war
fammin had mede 'em ot tey'd'n noather time,
nor klooas, fort' gooa t' noather church nor
chappel in, oz tey'rн uſt fort' doo!" So mitch
for th' war preppink religeon.

TUM. Neaw Whistlepig, I understand, ot eawr
kooart saints, han ordthurt a Thanksgivink dey,
an wee mun o on us gooah to th' church, an
gooah deawn av 'ur knees, an thank God ot
weed'n fo mitch ſenſe oz fort' giye o'er feightink.
Boah I'll tell thich whot tis [REDACTED] is like, it's juſt
like cz iv a mon ot wud naw be perſwaded,
boah wud leeap in t' a pit, an when hee'r in, hec

flaskart abeawt an geet eawt aghen oz weel oz hee kud, an then went deawn ov his knees an thankt God ot hee wur naw dreawnt. Boah I tell they whot Whistlepig, I're lookink i'th' newspaper tother day, an I fund a Protlamashon for this Thanksgivink dey, an I find, ot tey'n awthurt the'r tone meetyly fro a Protlamashon for a Fast, for then they kod'n it "just an necessary." Boah neaw they kone it a "Bluddy, ekstendot, an ekspensive war:" Had'n they kode it *unjust an unnecessary*, theyd'n a mede it parfekty komplete. I bin lookink for this Thanksgivink Dey a good while, boah I thout they'dn forget'n it; I'd a noshon t' think ot te shud'n be O ov a pees, for they'n had neaw an then a Fast Dey.

WH. Neaw an' then! Whot dust tawk on mon, they'n had Fast afthur Fast, for nine yeor t'gethur; boah I ne'er seed ot it did any good. they'n had it e Lent, an they'n had it eawt; an they'n had it o' th' Friday, an shiftot it to th' Wed'n'sday; an they'n try'd the'r Maker o weys, for t' hah brout 'imint' partnorship weh em; boah he took no notis on 'em so oz for t' awnsfor the'r eend; for he's laft 'em i' th' durt at last.

TUM. Marry! wur naw eawar Fast like that ot owd Ezeah tells on, in his 58th chaptor; for he tells uz ov a set o' hippokrites e his dey, ot wud n need fast; boah he sed, it wur for nou boah strife an debate, an for t' hit foak weh th' fist o wikednels, ap it's weel iv eawars han bin any betthur; boah Ezeah tells 'em whot fort ov a fast

.....

the'r maker wud look weel on ; and iv any beby
 'll look at th' fourth, fifth, sixth, an th' seventh
 versus o' that chaptor, the' mey see whot iort ov
 a fast 'll doo, an then let em judge whethur wee'n
 follot that rewl.

W.H. Whah I know ot owd Ezeah fcs, iv we
 mun ekspekt any benefit fro a fast; wee mun tak
 off every burden, opression, an yoak, and g'e
 summot t' ete, to thoos ot ar hungry, an don sum
 tlooas up 'o thoose ot ar naket, an sitch like.---
 Boah we mey sey weh eawar Church konfeshon
 ot eawer war-hawks han laft O thees things un-
 dun ot tey shud'n hah dun, an dun thoos things
 ot tey shud'n not hah dun; an heaw kud'n the
 ekspekt any benefit fro' a fast.

T.U.M. Neaw, Whistle-pig, wee'n tak a pcep
 at fothal ordur :---Let's look at Gales an Mont-
 gomery, at Sheffilt; Faulkner an Birch, an
 Kowdry, at Manchester; som on 'em put e pris'en.
 sum driv'n the'r kuntry, others the'r windows
 brokk'n an the'r property distroid, an O for
 printink unawnserable truths. Neaw, lets gooah
 to Brimmecjam, an see heaw the' use'nt Doctur
 Preesly, as pecosable a mon oz ever liv't; his
 heawse brunt, and his-fell an his family ruint;
 an O bekose he kud na think an akt weh a kooart
 rabble. Neaw lets gooah to Brighton, an see
 whot wur don to Docktur Noks, beh a pasil o'
 sojurs i' th' pley-heawfe; they'd'n like t' ha'
 kilt him, for preachink a fermont th' Sundy
 before, fro' thes words, " Glory to Ged in the

highest, and on Earth Peace and Good Will towards Men."----So at tat time the'rn killink two brids weh one stome, theaw knoes, for the'rn pooink deawn booath Religeon an Sofhal Ordur at wunst.---An neaw lets gooah to Norwitch, an see heaw the' us'nt Mealter Thelwell; he narroly koom off weh his life, for no othur krime thin lekturink uppo' th' Liberties an Freedum ov O Monkind. An ogen, le meh naw forget Mealter Tummus Wauker, o' Manchester, a mon perfekutet an profekutet to his utter ruin, uppo' th' evidenſe ov a for-sworn skeawndril, for no othur krime, thin beink a knone Frend to Liberty; indeed, that perjurt raggamuffin, Dunn, wur feeminkly hoyart beh sum o' th' black gang, for no othur purpose thin for t' tak awey th' life o' this grete Champion ov English Freedum.---Aſſo, agen, Hardy, Horne Took, an Thelwell, tri'd for Hee Treeofon, an nout fund agen 'em; beside Gilbert Wakeſt, Printur Williams, an Kneet o' Saddleworth, an a meeny other foke ot suffert'nt impris'nment, on sum on 'em deeoth, for beeink true lovvers o' Raſhonal Libberty; an O this wur dun an suffert for th' fake o' whot Billy an his gang kode'n Sofhal Ordur.

WII. This war has mede konſlumed wark, tak it won eend weh another; boh, I'll tell the' whot e fey to the' Tum, oz far oz I kon ſee weed'n no arnt fort' meddle wi' theefe French: Whot okkafhon had'n wee fort' goo'a t' war wi' 'em for hom kuttink off the'r King's lyed? Breaws,

.....

mon ! when eawer foke dubb'nt owd Charls
 shortur beh th' hyed, the' ne'er kom'n heear, tho'
 eawer Queen wur th' King o' France's sistur.----
 Owd Solomon sed, " Ot toos ot pas'nt bye an
 meddl't'nt wi' strife, ot did naw belung 'em, wur
 like takkink a dog beh th' eeors ; " an I think ot
 eawer kese is mitchwhot th' fame :---Boh I rethur
 think ot eawer Billy, an th' rest o' th' gang ot
 wur'n e partnership wi' him, had'n thout t' ha'
 likt the'r fingurs eawt o' th' pye ; boh it proov't
 so hee seeoz'nt, an so plaguy whot, ot tey geet'n
 konfoundedly skaud'n.

TUM. I think ot weed'n oz little reawm fort'
 meddle oz anny Foke e Yourope, abeawt killink
 Kings ; for ween hyeddet three Queens, an won
 King, an driven another his huntry ; beside two
 Neds, an won Dick, ot hardly deed'n E Godf-
 num ; an won ov eawar King Harry's, koom off
 naw mitch betthur, for a pasel o' Munks, strip'nt
 'im naket, an made'n'm gooah barfut, a matthuz
 o' three mile ; an whip'nt 'im weh rods, ov his
 bare bak, till blud dro'pt at his heels, o th' wey up
 to Beket's tomb ; an ther' made'n 'im do pen-
 nanse ; an o this wurr dun bekose he feel eawt weh
 a kompany o' Pas'ns :---An iv anny Nashon e
 Yourope has mede wur wark thin wee'n dun,
 they's'n tak't 'em.

WH. There has bin a grete deeol o' bother
 weh thees war-hawks ov eawars, abeawt kuttink
 off th' French King's hyeod ; boah iv anny bddy
 will reed th' owd book, they'n find ot Kings

went'n to th' lob, e mooar plecks thin France,
 for I're lookink int' tother neet, and I popt up
 o'th eight chaptor o'th sekond o' Kings, an I fund
 ot won chap took a weet tlewnt, an brad it o'th
 top ov a King's fase as he lee ill e bed an smothort
 'im to th' deeoth; an 'ith nekst chaptor aftar, I
 fund ot Jehu kilt too Kings of a dey ; an th'
 fourth chaptor o'th sekond o' Samol, I fund ot
 too fellos kutt'nt off a King's hyeod, an brut'n
 it to David, an he fund a deeol 'o fort weh 'em,
 boh it wur soon knone whot that wur for, it wur
 bekose ot they'n made him King, an he'r feeord
 ov his own knob gooink. Then I began o' riflink
 abeawt i'th owd book, an I fund i'th fifteenth
 chaptor o'th furt o' Samol, ot owd Saimmy ov
 Elkanos, took an aks an hyew'd a King e peefes,
 just oz iv he'd bin tleevink wood, for sum owd
 woman for t' bake wut kakes weh : an it feys,
 " he did it before the Lord," so its like he stood
 by an leete 'im do it quietly, for I hyeord nout sed
 aghen it. I kept krepink bakort ith owd book,
 an I fund i'th ninth chaptor o' Juges, ot a woman
 geet o'th top ov a hee bildink, an ot hoo th'rut
 a pees ov a mill-stone o'th top ov a King's hyeod,
 an knokt eawt whot loyt breans he had. Then
 I lookt ith third chaptor of Juges, an it fez, ot
 keneav't Ehud went an stabt a grete fat baws'n
 King, so at he lost his daggor in his guts, an
 then took a keigh an lokt im up in a reawm an
 laft 'im. Then I took a peep into th' book o'
 Josho, an he play'd for up e feath, for th' tenth
 chaptor fez ot he kilt five Kings ov a dey, an kept

en kilink 'em 'till he'd kilt won an thirty ; th' twelvth chaptor sez so.

TUM. " Whoo who, whoo who, whoo," boah iv Billy Pitt an kompany had'n bin alive at tat time, that Grand Regiside, owd Josho wud hah ston a pooar chonse I deawt ; beside, o Afho wud hah bin ov a blaze weh war, az yurope has bin, this eight or nine yeor, abeawt kilink won King, mitch mooar thirty an won. Boh this war ov eawars, wud hah bin ore monyoah yeor fun, iv the' had'n naw shakt a purs, weh millions o' money in it, to a deeol o'th' nashons e yurope, for t' keep it a gate. Boah its weel, ot tis war cendot oz it did, for iv th' French had'n lost the'r cend, ther' wud a bin no livink e this kuntry weh any quietnes ; boah I'll fey no mooar on 'em,

WH. Theaw's towd ov a peawer o' shifts an skufes ot Billy Pitt an his gang had'n fort' get into this war an fort' karry it on :--- Boh, dus tcaw think ot tey had'n not a fur eend in't thin anny they'n menfhunt yet ;---some foke think'n ot it wur mede up amung th' whul gang, fort' part Frânce amung 'em, oz wur dune e Powlond, or elze som o'th' prisipal chaps i'th' ferm fort 'a had oytc'h on 'em a loyt provintes, an ha mede Lewis King o'th' rest ; an beh that shift theaw knoes they'd'n ha klipt his wings for th' time t' kome.

TUM. Wha, boh they'dn moor skufes thin I

towd te on yet: Won o' this gang o' kooart
 saints said, ot tey kud'n naw give o'er feightink
 till weed'n "Indemnity for th' past, and sekurity
 for th' futur:"---Neaw i' th' name o' konfphonse,
 whot han the' gett'n toart indemnity for spendink
 two hundert an fifty million o' monny, an throw-
 ink awey three hundert theawsant mens' lives?
 dun they think ot too ilonds ar' a rekompense for
 O th' blud an treshure ot has bin spilt an spent?
 Beh th' wuns I'd oz leef a had Duck'nsilt Ho, an
 Sheply Ho, gan ineh; beside theese islonds ne'er
 belung'nt to France; Boanipeeter wud naw let
 us ha nout ot belungt to France:---Theese two
 islonds belong'nt to th' Dutch, an th' Spanniarts,
 ot wurn two of eawer allyes at th' beginnink o'
 th' war!! Odds breawns, I'd oather ha had
 summot ot belung't to France, or I'd ha had
 nout; for witheawt trade had protpert better, I
 kud ne'er for shawm ha ta'en ought eawt o' th'
 ferm. So mitch for indemnity.

Tum. An as for sekurity, whot sekurity han
 the' gotten, boh whot the' mit'n ha had monny
 a yeor sin; they ever sed'n ot tere wur nobody
 fort' mey peco's wi', bekole ot th' French hadn'
 no King; boh that wur nout but an idle tkuſe
 fort' karry on ther darlink war, for the' kud'n
 find samboddy fort' feight wi:---Odds blid, I'd
 ha bin like th' King o' Prusho, he mede peco's
 monny a yeor sun, an it has ston'n wi him;---
 beside the'n had chonſes enoo, sum years sun,
 when Lord Mumbleberry went to Paris; an agen,
 when the' sent'n him to Lifle e Flanders; an

agen, th' last year, when Bonnipeeter sent o'er,
 the' mit'n ha mede a farrantlier peeofs thin the
 han mede neaw ; an beh that theaw may party
 geawse whot fort o' sekurity the'n gett'n for us :
 Boh, indeed I believe sum o' th' wizer eend o'
 foke think'n ot tis peeofs 'l stond lunger mede wi'
 Bonnipeeter thin it wud, mede wi' a King o'
 France, for wee'n had nout boh pleague wi'
 thooſe Lewises lung t'gethur.

W.H. Wha, it's oz gud a Peeofs as kud be ekspektot, for ther' wur oz little onnisty at furst, oz
 ther' wur onnor at th' last :---Boh I understand
 ot th' Bishup o' Lunnon kares nout abeawt on-
 nor, for he fays, " he thinks ot wee're kom'n
 pratty weel off, ot wee'n gett'n shut o' nine year
 o' war, an two year o' fammin.

T.U.M. Wha he speek like a Kriſtian ; boh
 they sen ot th' Bishup o' Rochester, an Measter
 Windy, krak'n the'r brenes meetily abeawt it, ot
 tey'n mede no better a job on't.

W.H. Wha, ther' is here an t'ere a windy foo i'
 th'kuntry, ot tis fammin hasnaw right th'bethum
 o' the'r guts yet ; won 'on 'em, ot lives e th'
 Woodheawfes, says, " ot tis Peeofs is naw fit t'
 be kode a Peeofs," an ot hee thinks, " it wud
 naw stond lung iv France wur fort kontinue,"
 boh, he fays, " hee ekspekts it'l be swallot up
 wi' an erthquake, ere lung, th' French ar' fo
 D--mt nout." Another o' Mr. Windy's foos, ot
 lives at Kutler Hill, is so plaguily off' weh Jak-

kobins an a Jakkobin Peeofs, ot hee says, " no Jakkobin shud pis uppo' his eftsmiddink for under hawve a kreawn.

TUM. Bi th' maskins, Whistle-pig! boh that wud be deer turnink won's tap, fort' gi' hawve a kreawn for leeov t' pis ov a foo's eftsmiddink : afore I'd do so, I'd pis e meh shune, an karry th' lant whom wiimmieh, for owd Hollont t' boyd his hats in.

WH. Wha, Tum, theaw's deskrift 'em pratty weel ; boh won think I ta'en notis on, ot tees war-lovink sperrits, chuz heaw just an nefessary the' kod'n this war, they'dn doo oz little toart it oz tey kud'n help, for they'dn as soon ha kilt a dog for feear o peyink th' Dog-tax, oz anny Jakkobin e th' kuntry :---An when Saddle Hawses koomin fort' be takst, ther' wur won loyal mon ot swapt his faddle awey for a sek, for feear a peink th' Hawse-taks, wi' a loyal arch-jockey at Stopport Moor ; an he saddlet a cush wi' it, an rid on't to Stopport Market : theaw knoos that wur naw ridink a faddle hawse.---An as for th' tother mon, he thrut th' sek uppov a tit, an rid abeawt whither hee'd a mind ; an so th' forther mon kode his a Saddle Kush ; an th' latter mon kode his a Sek Hawse ; an a that'n the'r'n ridink throo Billy Pit an his Akts o' Parlyment e oytch eend.

TUM. Wha, Whistle-pig, iv no munny must ha bin' reist boh whot had bin laft to th' opshun o' thoose loyal grunters, ot wur'n so reddy fort'

promise ther' lives an fortunes, th' war wud ha bin o'er monny a year sin. Boh they winna pey thoise Takses ot ar' mede lawfo beh Akt o' Parlyment, iv the' kon anny wey kreep eawt; for I knew a verry loyal gentleman o' th' Kok an Barril, ot did naw liva hundert mile fro Ashton, ot brew'd a jorum o' maut, an wortcht it in a chambur, where th Gager ne'er koom; an when it wur reddy fortun, he set sum klumsy seawterhyed a tunnink it ot shed sum o' th' likkor, an it ran thro' th' chamber-floear, an it happ'nt fort' be o'er a gate-wey entry, an th' Gager wur unlukkily gooink throo, at same time, an it peawart deawn ov his hat; he doft it off, an dipt his singurs i' th' likkor, an slak't em throo his meawth oz an owd wummen duz, when hoo's bin stroakink th' reeam pot. "Wuns," sed *hee*, "ther's sum rogory gooink forrod heear." Hee went up th' stairs, an katcht 'em i' th' fakt, an ther' wur the hangment t' be dun abeawt it; boh for that time I beleeve ot t'is ring-spiggot lump o' loyalty koom owey bith weepink krofs feawly.

Wu. Ho, I remembur summot abeawt it, for I're at a smithy e krikkety abeawt tat time, an ther' wur two loyal bucks taw kink abeawt it, an makkink the'r gam on't, an ther wur an owd mon by, ot tey kode'n a Painite at tat time, an hee sed "eigh, eigh, I hyerd on't, what wud'n yoah ha sed iv anny Painite had bin katcht e fitch a nipe; I hyeor, yoah'r for dissonink him, and throink him to th' Painite rook, boh wee'n ha non on him, for iv ever yoah'n don with 'em, ot

tey're too bad for yoah, I'm shure, they're fit for
nout boh th' mukmiddink."

TUM. Zuns, mon ! boh I seen' th' dey when
won wur likker t' ha' bin breant wi' thoofe foos
for seyink hawve oz mitch oz fo; heaw did e kum
off wi' ein ?

WH. Wha, theaw fees hee'r an owd mon, an
the' kud naw for shawm meddle wi' him, an so
they put'n't it off with a fort ov a flire.

TUM. Boh abeawt t'is peeofs, Whistle-pig,
has teaw ever hyerd anny' greatly akkeawnt,
heaw or when it koom int' the'r hyeds fort' mak
it oz tey han dun.

WH. Wha, I find ot tey'n bin eksorzizing the'r
breans o th' last summer abeawt it, an went'n
bakkart an forrod between Lunnon an Paris oz
mitch length o' gate (oz foke sed'n) oz wud a bin
three times reawnd th' globe; boh it koom eawt
at last oz unekspektot oz a krak o' thunner ov a
fine dey : They sed'n ot Johnny Bull whimpert
an kry'd welly O September ; an sed to Bonni-
peeter, " Yoah'n le' mee ha nout oz yoah go'n
on ; I'm shure I lede eawt a peawer o' munny,
for I double't th' Nashonal Debt, beside throw-
ink three hundert theawsaint men's lives awey, an
I think I shud ha summot : Iv yoah'n le' meh
have a shugar butter-kake, weh a bit o' nutmeg
gratturt on it, I'll give up O ot I set eawt for at

furst." " Wha," sed Bonnipeeter, " Theaw axes e'en little enough konsidurink trubble ot teaw's bin at, I'll send it tey." An akordinkly hee sent it him o' th' furst ov Oktober at astur dark, an Jonny lede it up till mornink; an as soon oz it wur leet, he fhode it to O th' family; an ther' wur fitch wark oz ne'er wur feer; the'r'n so fene; th' owd bulls an th' yung bulls, an th' grete bulls an th' little bulls, O frisk'nt an ka-pert'nt abeawt, an wag'n't the'r teles like oz monny little dogs at a krust: Boh thoose bulls ot had'n th' lung'ft hurns, an had'n bell't an rooart; an wur'n fitch kurst bulls O th' war, fort see too, wur'n oz fene oz anny:

Tum. Néaw, Whistle-pig, afore a part'n, I'll geh the' sum akeawnt ov a grete halebello, ov a kik up, I hyerd tother dey between a fartin parish Nabob, ot duz niew live a hunthurt mile eewt o' Lankefhhur (ot's won o' thees inkonsistant foos) an an owd mon ot te kone a Jakobin.

Oz I wur stondink at Windy Kóriar, I seed tis owd mon góoa into th' Nabob's shop; thout I t' meh fel; thew'rt gooink a dunnink, for I knode ot th' Nabob owd him sum munny:---I krope klöfe úp to tk' duř, for I'd a mind to hyer, an indeed I did hyer fitch a beawt ov ar-gilink oz e ne'er did hyer afore, sun my neme wur Tum:---Th' owd mon sed, " I want sum munny;" th' Nabob sed, " Boh I ha' none for yoah." " Wha," sed th' mon, " Boh I mun ha sum, for I konna doo beawt. I'th' beginnink o' th' year

ninety-three, I kud ha' lien eawto' twenty peawnd better thin cawt o' twenty shillink neaw ; at t'at time I'd awlus between twenty an thirty ginneys by meh ; boh neaw, I naw so monny shillinks, an sumtimes naw so monny pennies i' th' heawfe ; boh I kud ha had oz mitch neaw, and mooar too, iv meh property had naw bin unjustly purloint awey fro' meh." Th' Nabob breek cawt int' fitch a pashon, ot he sed, " G-d d--n it mon, yoar ever beginnink abeawt tis war." So, thout I t' meh sel, boh th' owd mon has thrut th' bell neaw.---Th' mon sed, " Ney, I ne'er nem'e't th' war."---Th' Nabob sed, " Boah I knoe whot yoar'n hintink at." Th' mon sed, " If th' kap fits yoah, yoah mey don it."

W.H. Boah stop a bit Tum, whot's th' rees'n thinks ta, ot tees foak ot han bin so fond o' this war, an kod'n it just and nefessary, kyd naw abide for t' hyeor it nemt?

TUM. Whah soon knone, befor the' had naw get the'r eend o'th French : Boah iv ever th' French koomn be th' wurr, wee'd'n bothor enough abeawt th' wa'r e feith, for ther' wur no sturink cawt o'th dur weh anny quietness, for pecofable mindot foak ; for I're gooin' deawn Ash'n street won dey, an ther' wur sum news komn ot th' French wur'n byeat'n. an I met a mon above seventy yeor owd, and he slapt meh bith brest, an sed, " Neaw G-d D--n yoah for an owd Jakobin theef, ween give it yoah neaw." There wur a trew sample o' fo-

fhal ordthur, and dooink onnur to his King and kuntry.

WH. Whah, I knew a mon ot livt e Steley wood, ot wur utterly aghen this war ot ween had, an that wur enugh theaw noes for t' mak'im int' a Jakkobin: an he koom t' Ash'n won dey, a dooink sum arnts, soon afthur th' war wur begun, an he put up his hawse weh a red wot loyal sun o'th koolar, at th' sine oth Ward, and when he'r for gooink whom, he thout he kud naw boah hah summot t' drink, an he kode for a glaſs o' brandy an watur, an ther' wur a too legit loyal kur, o' Billy Pitt's ith barr, an he sed to this mon, "heaw ar things gooink on neaw," "whah," said th' mon, "I hyeor nout particular;" "wha boah whot dun foak sey abeawt tis war," sed tis loyal lump ov ill manners," "whah," sed th' mon, "sum ar for it an sum ar aghen it;" "whah," sed tis Church an King foo, "boah whot dun yoah sey abeawt it," "whah," sed th' mon, "I think it had bin bethur let'n a looan," this lump of loyalty fell a d-mink 'im, an this brimstone whot loyal sun 'oth kok an th' barrel, set in with 'im, an sweear "he'd hah none fitch foak in his heaws," an flapt 'im bith' breſt, an driv 'im ore th' table, an th' glaſs o' brandy an watur wur ſhed, an this peecofable mindot mon wur fene t' pey for his glaſs, an get his tit eawt ot he kud get awey weh his life; an this wur another true sample o' foshal ordthur.

TUM. Whah neaw Whistle-pig, I'll let tey

fee, ot teear humanity keeps pase weh the'r fosha! ordthur. I knew a little twazzy too legit kur, ot belungt to Mr. Windy's kennel, ot kud hardly get porritch for his guts, or tlooas to his bak, an wur like his meatstur, ot wud hav o th' French "kilt off," an he'd hyeord sum akeawnt ov a battle ot wur fout, o'th twenty-fifth ov August, e ninety siks, an th' French happ'nt for t' kome be th' wurr; an he sed "ther's summe blesstot news komn neaw iv pleeos God it 'ill boah proove trew :" "Eigh!" says a by-stonthur, "whot is it, " Whah," says this unfealink loyalist, "th' French ar welly o kilt!!" There wur Church an King humanity, keepink pase weh loyalty if 'll gooaah to th' prife on't.

WH. Neaw, Tum, I meeon for t' geh the' a pittifo akeawnt ov an owd mon ot livt e Feils-worth, ot wur so wiked ot wud naw let Pitt an kompaniy think for im, boah wud think for his sel, an that wur enough ot won time o'th day, for t' mak 'im int' a Jakobin, an for t' hav sum sum fort o' vengense, peawart deawn o'th hyeod on him, be a kennel o' too legit kurs, o' Mr. Windy's, kept not a hunthort mile fro' th' fine c'th Blak Hawse, e Feilsworth. It hap'nt ot tis owd mon had a fun, ot went to Amereka, sum yeors before, an theaw mey beshure wur awlos fene fort t' hyecor fro' im; an oz this kennel o' kurst kurs durst naw nip 'im ke th' heels be dey leet, they'r'n rezolvit for t' worry 'im ith' dark. So they forg'nt a letthur, oz iv it wur komn fro Liverpool, an sed ot a rider-eawt had laft it, an

wanted hom for t' get it to this owd mon. An th' letthur sed, he wur tayne very ill there, an they nam'nt th' street, an th' name o'th foak ot he'r weh dezirink his feathor for t' kome a seeink him; so this owd mod musthurt up sum money an set off, oz won shud a dun the'r fel ; an thees unfeelinlk loyal whelps o' Mr. Windy's kennel, witheawt anny pitty, leet'n this ow'd mon, nee seventy yeor owd set off, leighink 'im to' skorn. Boah I kno whot owd Mr. Moses lez, for he fez, " kurfed is he that smiteth his nebor sekretly ;" an let tees windy puppies mumble at tat, when they kome for t' dee, for iv it wur naw smitink 'im sekretly, it wur th' nekst dur too't. So this owd mon geet int' Liverpool, an fund th' street ot th' letthur towd on, an sperd o'abeawt for th' name o'th foak ot he'r sed for t' be with, boah no fitch foak wur'n t' be fund ; so this owd mon wur fooarst kom whoam again e grete distress, booath e pocket, body, an mind, for it had line im e between twenty an thirty shillink. They sho'd'n me th' letthur, an I're so forry, I kud hah fund e meh hart for t' a gan 'im a kreawn, boah this kurfed war had welly rewint meh, so ot I had it not e meh peawar. Boah fro o fitch prinsoples, an fitch praktises oz tees, good Lord deliver meh. Neaw, Tum, lets hyear heaw this Nabob an thee went'n on.

TUM. " Whah," th' Nabob sed, " Ther' had bin no war, iv it had naw bin for yoah, an fitch like." Th' owd mon sed, iv I'd sed so I shud ha towd a lye; le' me tell yoah, it wur yoah, an O

thoosé ot sinet'nt for war ot wurn th' kaws on't.--“ Wha,” sed th' Nabob, “ an I'd sine for war, iv it wur fort' doo agen.” “ Wha,” sed th' mon, “ an yoah min, and see whot yoan get by't.”---“ Wha,” sed th' Nabob, “ an I ne'er lost nout by 't. Th' owd mon sed, “ Marry, weel for yoah, for iv yoah hanñaw, monny a thoufant han ; boh I wud yoah'dn gi meh meh munny beawt so mitch adoo :--Th' laſt time I geet ought on yoah, I lost three hawve deys, Sundy, Tuesdy, an Wed'n'sdy.”---“ Wha,” sed th' Nabob, “ boh yoah dunna rekk'n Sundy won, dun yoah?” “ Yigh,” sed th' mon, “ boh I do, for I koom when yoar'n just gon to th' parrade, an I're fooarſt t' heng abeawt till noon, an geet nout when I'd dun.”---“ Wha,” sed th' Nabob, “ an I'll gooah to th' parrade agen, for theaw mun knoe, he koes hissel a farjenſt amung theese new trumpt up Allixandurs.

WH. Boh Tum, dus teaw think ot iv Bonnipeeter had bin at th' Roy-kroft weh abeawt two hundred Frenchmen at his heels, ot hee'd a bin oz reddy fort' a gethurt up his raddlink a meetin'k him?

TUM. Now, be meh troth, I dunna think hee wud :---Wud hee not ha bin wappink up Steeley wood afore Bonnipeeter had gett'n to th' krofs.

WH. Wha, not unlike, for when theese he-roik suirs of Allixandur wur'n kode eawt fort'

tent a badjer's shop, e famin-square, the' mede'n but a durty jobb on't; for it wur nowt boh "foyar an run," an too ar three Saddleworth chaps beet'n 'em off weh a loyt pavink-stones.

TUM. Th' mon sed to th' Nabob, "Win yoah awnser meh a question or two? Whot did'n yoah set cawt for i' th beginnink o' this war?--- Han yoah attaint onny won thing ot yoah sett'nt eawt for?"---Th' Nabob sed nowt of a gud while; boh i' th' eend, he sed, "Yoar an owd d--nt raskot." Th' owd mon sed, "an whot ammy an owd d--nt raskot for? I'm oz gud a mon oz yoah e anny shape, iv yoahl'n howd yoar honds off meh:---Iv yoahl'n proov yoarrel oz on-nist a mon oz i've done hitherto throo life, it'll doo weel for th' parish." Th' Nabob sed, "an I kon;" th' mon sed, "I wud yoah'dn set abeawt it."

WH. I wunder where th' owd mon's breans wur'n; I'd a axt him whether hee had naw hyerd ov a mon ot steel a snuff-box eawt ov another men's pokkit, won Sundy oz he lee asleep ov a bed, at th' sine o' th' Beaver, i' Odenshaw, an whethur he did naw hyer ot hee took it to a Justis o' peeoss, nine or ten mile off, bekose that fe-dishos wort Libberty wur written o' th' boks lid: He mit ha kode that mon a d--nt raskot, for it wur a raskotly trik..

TUM. Eigh, that's trew, boh theaw's hyerd

'em sey, ot sum foke had'n oz gud fort' stele a sheep, oz others t' look o'er th' hedge.

W.H. Wha, I knoe ther' ar sum foke ot kon see a verry little mote in anothur boddis ee, ot konna see won e the'r own, iv it wur oz big oz a thrippenny kabbitch.

T.U.M. Th' owd mon fed to th' Nabob, " an whot ammy an owd d--nt raskot for? I tell yoah, ot yoar a yung d--nt raskot, for koink meh so, witheawt yoah kon proov it." He'r sum time, an fed newt; boh i' th'eend, he said, " Its abeawt toose shoone." So, thowt I t' meh fel, this owd mon has brokk'n sum shoe warehoufe, or sum dev'lment or other, o'll kum eawt neaw, they'n hav im ith krib. Th' owd mon stickt up his finns, an fed, " Whot shone? I kno nowt abeawt no shone." --- " Wha," fed th' Nabob, " Thoose ot wurn sent to th French, hav e towd yoah neaw?" " Wha," fed th' mon, " Whot han' yoah towd meh neaw? wur ther' onny hurt-e fendink a pair o' shone to thoose ot wurn bar-feet, chuz whooa they wur'n' afore war wur de-klairst?" Theaw mun kno, at tere wur ten theawfiant pair o' shone sent to th' French, afore th' war begun, an this mon had gan hawve-a-kreawn toart 'em, an I rekk'n th' Nabob had gett'n t' hyer on't.

W.H. Whot fort ov a mon is tis Nabob, thinks ta', dus hee koe hissel a Kristion, fort' mey that

int' a krime ot's a Kristion duty : For I're lookink i'th' owd book, t'other dey, an I fund ot eawer gaete Kristion lawgiver sed, at thoose ot had'n two kooats must'n gi' th' tone to sumbody ot wur beawt ; an I look't a bit fur, an fund ot owd Paul sed, ot iv eawer ennemy wur hungry, we must'n giv him summot t' ete ; an iv hee'r droy, we must'n giv him summot t' drink ; an beh this mode o' reeofnink, one wud think ther' wud be no hurt e fendink a pair o' shooñe to thoose ot wur'n barfut : Iv theese Church an King stoond-hyeds wud'n look at sich pleks oztees, an praktis a bit on 'em, it wud doo vrrey weel.

TUM. Th' Nabob sed, " Boh war wur deklairt e ninety-two," th' owd mon sed, " that's naw trew, for th' French King wur hyeddet o' th' twenty-furst o' Jenuary, ninety-three, an word koom to eawer Parlyment o' th' twenty-fort, an Shauvlin wur sent off o' th' twenty-eight, and he geet int' France i' th' beginnink o' February, an th' French deklairt'n't war soон aftur, an *that's true.*" An neaw, Whistle-pig, theaw mey be ihure ot tis seime Nabob must be an ignorant bledderhyed, or hee'd ne'er a tawkt a that'n ; for eawer state-gards wud'n ne'er a lett'n foke a releev't an ennemy i' th' opp'n war ; beside, I remember meh sel, ot too subskripshions, "*abeawer toose shone,*" wurn't quite kloise e ninety-two.

Boh th' owd mon sed fur, " It's kom'n to a pratty pafs ot a boddie munna meean' e'm when hee's unjustly flogt." Th' Nabob sed, " yoah

mey gooa to Amerika or France, wher yoah mey be justly flogt." Th' mon sed, " as I pleeos for that, boh I've a reet be better use't e meh own kuntry, for onny hurt e don yoah."

WH. I tell the' whot Tum, one wud ha' thout ot th' post ot tey'dn put tis Nabob in, an th' leearnink ot hee pretends t' hav, shud ha' bred better manners thin t' ha' use't an owd mon a that'n.

TUM. Wha, that's trew, boh theaw's hyerd 'em sey ot it's a feaw life fort' mak a silk purse eawt ov a foo's-eear, an theaw kon ekspekt no mooar eawt ov a pig thin a grunt. Whot I mecon beh beink so partikular abeawt tis Nabob, is fort' sho whot fort o' hodge-podge, churn-milk-an-wetur prinsoplis hee howds, for hee's just like th' rest o' th' foos ot han no oppinnions o' the'r own; boh grunt'n after eawer nathonal pig-leaders, one dey for war, an another for peeofs; for they sen ot tis Nabob's heawfe wur oz nee o ov a blaze weh kandles, that neet ot th' rejoisink wur for th' peeofs, oz anny boddis abeawt him: Sitch praktifles oz tees, gi'n his former prinsoplis th' lye konfoundnedly, iv I've onny skill, or els hee's an arrant hippokrite: Heaw fort' rekonsile sitch kondukt weh konsistency, is a paradoks to mec.

WH. Paradoks! eigh, Mas, I think it is; for iv owd Solomon wur alive ogen, an i' th'

prime ov his time, it wud set him fast ; hee kud ne'er peese theese two eends t'gether to onny sene.

TUM. Solomon ! nough, nor forty Solomon's, weh o the'r hyeds lede t'gether kud'n ne'er mey owt o' fitch weatherkok, fawnink, krinjink, hypokritikal, fykofantine, skeawndrils oz tees : Theh shud'n ne'er a won on 'em ha leet a kandle, withewt theyd'n axt pard'n booath o' God an mon, for o th' blud ot wur shed, an th' ruin ot wur browt uppo' th' nashon, an mede satisfakshon, oz far oz the'r'n able, to every won ot they'n parsekutet an abus't; beside, oytch on 'em dooink pennanse in a white sheet, an puttink the'r fell i' th' nuse.

WH. Zeawns Tum, boh iv this skeeam mun bee put e praktis, theaws lede eawt pratty weel o' wark for proktors an printers ; they'n hav a row o' fat efeath. Boh won mey tawk abeawt 'em o dey, boh wee kon ne'er mend 'em, while meet o'erkoms rect.

TUM. Mend 'em ! nough, I kno naw whe-
ther owd Nick wud mend 'em ; boh I'll lose no
mooar time abeawt 'em, for I mun gooa to meh
loom.

WH. Wha, an I mun gooa too, or else owd Sonny o' Sims will be heear wi' th' baggink afore I stik't th' shoo i' th' gutter.

T. B. J. So these two breether of eawers part'nt; boh I thowt they'd'n lede Billy an his gang bare at th' root afore they'd'n done: Tum Grunt began t' groo warm toart th' latter end; I thowt his last speech boh one, wur very hee seeoz'nt; it had a good deeol o' pepper and fawt in it; for,

Iv O theese kn—ves mun go to th' proktors,
 An tell the'r krimes to theese foul doktors;
 They'n bring 'em O to trew repents;,
 When-e'er they kom'n fort' pas the'r fentense:
 For theese blind guides will not be j' kit,
 Boh mak 'em O t' repent i'th' pokkit;
 An' tell 'em O they shure ar sinners,
 An' hardly lesov 'em owt for dinners:
 So, iv theese Ch——h an Roy——l foos
 Mun put theirsels i' th' publick nuse.
 Ther's monny a bo thro'ea't this nashon,
 Weed bite his nails for meer veklashon,
 An' kurs booah Hawk' an M-aster Otto,
 Sayink to un booath the devil fott O,
 For mikkink peeofs wi' Bonnip-e'er,
 So neaw I'l eend meh klumsy meeter.

For, I'd naw rime other two lines, iv th' ward wur at th'stake, for feear o' thoofe boggarts ot owd Tim Bobbin tow'd on:---Boh I'm naw so feert o' thoofe tother boggarts, but I dar subikribe meh fel,

One o' Mr. Burk's Eighty Theawsant in-korrigible Grunters.

Dated this 21st of Nov. 1801.---From my owd original Stye, at 12 9 20 20 12 5 13 15 19 19,
 14 5 1 18 1 19 8 20 15 14
 21 14 4 5 18 12 25 14 5.

FROM

THE CHESTER CHRONICLE

OF MARCH 27, 1795.

MEASTER PRINTUR,

SUR,

I Understond ot som unthoutfo gobbin has sent yoah a Shuit Dumplink for th' Fast Dey, an' yoah stoad'n at it; heaw kud th' grete bladder-yed think ot yoah'dn ete Shuit dumplink, or onny think els oth' Fast Dey, so tikkle as times ar? Lord Blessus! wur he leyink a trap for yoah; boh sumetimes won noes nah whot yoah meeon' beh whot yoah sen, it mit happ'n be summot fort print, an' if it wur, I'd ha yoah t' beh carefo, for ewer foak at Lunnon ar very tikkle neaw a dcys, won noes naw whot 'l doo, an yoah meh fanner get into th' Sedishon Tub, thin get eawt ogen; for yon's a Printur at Sheffilt has gett'n is tell int' a pratty hobble weh printink a funk ot an owd Pas'n made at Belfast eh Oyreland; 'Sflesh won wud a thout ot a Pas'n shud a known better tha t'ha led onny boddy int' mischeef, for th' Printur is gett'n put eh pris'n for three munths, besides peyink twenty peawnd, an that's a droy shot for him I'm shure;—an neaw wee'r tawkink abeawt thees things it unbethinks meh ov a chat ot I hyeard 'tother dey:—I went eawt an whoah shud I see boah owd Whistle-pig an Tum Grunt, tawking politiks at

owd Sonny o' Slim's barn side; thout I t' meh fel
 I'll hyear whot yeah kon sey; so Whistle-Pig began an
 sed "I'll tell theh whot Tum, I wunder ot tey han naw
 try de owd Sam ov Elkenow's for that sedishious chaptor
 in is furst book."—How theaw tawks mon, says Tum,
 "Hee's eawt o'ther Gate, for he's oth' tother side th'
 blue blankit, an has bin monny a yeer, hee cares
 nout abeawt 'em:—" "Wha," says Whistle-pig,
 "Theaw meh say ot Tum Payne's eawt o' ther gate,
 for hee's eh France, wheer theh dar'n naw tuch him,
 but they'n tryde is ritinks an theh sen ot te're naw fit
 t' bee eh onnyboddy's heawse, an ot noboddy mun
 reed 'm, and I think ot owd Sammy ov Elkenow's
 eight Chaptor is az il az anno o' Tum Pane's ritinks, for
 hee bekows King's an lets 'em deawn meetily, I
 wunder ot tey hanno pood it eawt o' th' book afore
 neaw,"..." Ho! ho!" says Tum, "Boah they'n ne'er
 do so, that'l be as il as leyink seege to Lambert
 Heawse, for iv theh wunce begin'n, sum'n find fort
 weh won think an sum weh another, ot tey'n hath th'
 owd book aw t' bits, and then it 'll beh whoo up weh
 th' black kooats efeath! for its whot tey liv'n by, for
 won on 'em meys won part t' doo an anothur meys
 anothur part t' doo, ot tey mey'n it aw t' fit sumboddy
 or other."

Says Whitstle-pig; "There's monny a strawnge pees
 i'th' owd book ot wee'n bin tawkink on, for I're look-
 ink i'th' 37th an th' 38th chapters o' Jeremy, an I fund
 ot summot had flown rank between th' King o' Juda,
 an th' King o' Babylon, an owd Jeremy at tat time
 wur look't on as th' Hammel's skonse amung 'em eh
 Juda, an theh koom'n to 'im for keawnfil, and he wur
 like B----d and S----e eh eawer dey, and sed it wud
 be th' best wey for t' mey peeols, and towd 'em whot
 wud be th' end on't iv theh did'n naw, boh esid o'
 takkink it weel as tey shud 'n ha' dun, theh abus'n' tim.

an put'nt 'im ith' dungen, an iv th' Hebus Korpus Akt had bin set aside tere, as it is eh sum pleks, he mit ha' roted tere; boh they'd'n better t' ha teyn his keawnfil, for nout ot wur owt wur th' eend on't; and its weel iv it be anny better weh us, for wee'n sum Jeremys ot sen enough ogen this war ov eawrs, boh theh ne'er heed'n 'em. Boh as I're tellink theh they put'n 't him i'th' dungen an boh for a blakamoor he mit ha' steyd tere nob'dy noes heaw lung, for hee'd mooar mafey toart him thin aw th' foak abeawt th' fitty, for he went to th' King an speek for him, and ley'd eawt his kese so ot he geet him eawt, an he're more behowd'n to this blakamoor thin he wur to aw th' ribbins, stars, and gartes, abeawt the King's kooarf,".... "Wha," says Tum, "Moor shawm for 'em ot a blakamoor shud ha mooar kompashon in him thin monny & won ot think'n they'n so mich mooar sense, an ot blaks ar hardly humon kreturs, an fit for nowt boh t' beh bowt and soud like tits, az a deeol ov eawer foak may'n a trade on ;....theese ar pitifo things when the're weel thout at...." Boah I mun gooah to my threshink," says Whistle-pig, "Wha," says Tum, "An I mun gooah to meh loom ;" so theh part'n't, and I thout they d'n reeos'nt pratty weel, an sey ot .tey'r'n nowt boh too o'th' owd Apostle o' St. Omer's Pigs.*

Boh abeawt tis Fast Dey, Measter Printur, dun yoah think ot tey meeon'n for t' ley in a stok o' gud fortin ogen neks Summor, beh flatterink ther Meker, int' pard'nership weh em? Boh I think the'r rathur chettink 'im ov a dey, for yoah nown ot th' forty deys eh Lent ar Fast Deys awreddy, an as tey'n awdert it, tis is won on 'em, witheawt ot tey'n a fur thowt in't, and think'n ot Fast uppo' Fast will ha' mooar weight weh Him. Boh what dun yoah think ot tey'n shiftet it fro' Friday to th' Wednsday for?....Too oth' last yeers it has bin o'

* E...:d B...:e, it is said, received his education at St. Omer's, in France.

th' Friday, dun yoah think ot tey'r a bit-noshun~~able~~ like
owd pooar Robbin abeawt lukky or unlukky deys, an
ot Friday's won on 'em, bekose it has naw awnfert
ther eend?

Boh ogen, whot dun yoah think is th' recos'n ot th'
Skotch an huz konnaw booath fast ov a dey?....Dun
theh think ot ther Meker is like th' owd hump back't
Skoomester at Owdum, ot kcudnaw hyecor too lads at
wunse?....Won hopes we'en abettur kaws beh th' eend
thin wee had'n ith' Merrikin war eggoddil, or I'm feart
wees'n lose th' eend as we did'n then, for wee'd'n Fast
uppo' Fast, an geet'n nowt eendwey: Won yeer th'
Merrikins an huz wur'n fastink booath at wunce,
they'r'n pooink at t'one eend an weer'n pooink at
t'other, as hard as o kudd'n nazz, an sum foak won-
dernt whooa must be hyerd, boh it wurseen ith' eend,
for theh o'erpoold'n hus; wee meh fast an prey as lung
as o win, boh witheawt wee bin more ov a peese thin
sum on zs ar' it'll naw meeon milch I deawt, for there's
a pas'n ot lives not a hunthurt mile fro' Manchester, ot
gus to th' Church oytch Sundy an says, "Give Peace
in our Time O Lord!" An th' dey after gets a cok-
kade in his hat, as big as a butter print, an gus weh
sojurs o listink foak's lads, an wimmin's husbands!
dus naw this leeod directly to War? Lord blesus!
whot dust mon think at? dus hee naw doo mooar Hurt
o'th' Mundy weh is akshons thin he duz gud o'th' Sundy
weh e preyink?....I kud sey a grete deceol mooar
abeawt 'em, boh I'm fecarf o' wearink your peshunce,
besides I mun gooa t' meh dresslink, for I've a gud deceol
t' doo.

I am, Measter Printur,
Like th' mooast o' me Breether o'th' Sty'e,
A greter Luvver o' Feastink thin Fastink
PORKARIA, FEB. 28,

FROM
THE SAME
OF JULY 31, 1795.

LIBERTY IN LIMBO:

A PERSON, near Ashton-under-Lyne, having a snuff-box, with the seditious word LIBERTY engraved upon it, a certain pig-tail'd prig of the parish, being endowed with more loyalty than honesty, very gravely picked the man's pocket of the said box, and, out of zeal to his King and country, delivered this seditious receptacle for nose powder to a certain Justice of the peace, who is somewhat more distinguished for furious loyalty than strong intellect. What greatly contributed to enhance the crime, with these sedition-hunters, was, that the man to whom the box belonged was a constable, and consequently a king's officer..... The man was summoned to appear at before a bench of Justices on....., where being called upon, he answered to his name, when an examination to the following purport took place, which I shall attempt to give, as near as I can, in the true Rochdale idiom :

Just. Hark the' kunstable duz teaw tey snuff?

Con. Eigh sur sumtimes.

Just. Kud e get a pinch with the' thinks ta?

Con. Yigh that yoah sha'n, iv e hav' onney.

So the man searched his pockets, expecting to find a little in a paper (having had no box for near a week, and little expecting to meet with it there, eight or ten miles from home) but in this first attempt to oblige the sapient Justice, he was

disappointed, for, alas! he found neither snuff-box nor snuff-paper, on which he said I hav none fur, or yoah thud'n ha had sum.

Just. Will t' kom a bit närr, an lemme feel i' the' pokkit, for iv theaw teys snuff theaws a box I war'nt tey. So he goes forward, and his worship, under pretence of searching for the box, conjurer like, contrives to leave it in his pocket.

Just. Will t' mey a bit moor labor abeawt tat box for I thout I fel'd summot hard i' the pokkit. So the man put his hand into his pocket, where his worship's sedition-hunting fist had just come from, and found the box, on which he said, I ha' fund won neaw fur, boah I had non afore yoar hond koom theear.

Just. Wil t' lets look at 't? So the man gave it to him.

Just. Theaw's a strawnge wort o' th' box for a mon o' thy plek, duz theaw think ot theaw'rt fit to be a Kunstable? e prithy hooa sweer the' in?

Con. Wha, Mr. W....., fur.

Just. I'll speke too 'im t' nere mey thee a Kunstable ogen.

Con. That 'll naw do mey mich hurt.

Just. Boh has naw theaw a plek e leofs under Lord S-----?

Con. Yigh a bit o' won fur.

Just. Boh I'll speke to him t' ne'er leofs web thee ogen, for theaw 'rt not fit t' be heear; so I'd ha the' t' sell whot t' has e this kuntry, an' pey the' detts, an get obeawt tey bizznes.

Con. Wha fur iv my money 'll naw gooa' fur thiin yoar tung, I'm like t' be beawt plek.

Just. Boh e prithy wheear did teaw leet o' this box?

Con. Wha, a mon e Ash'en mede it mey.

Just. Whot did t' give him for 't?

Con. Two shillink sur.

Just. Wha hee's sum raskot like th' fell, or hee'd ne'er a mede a box like this for two shillink; prithy whot's his neme?

Con. I'll naw tell yoah sur.

Just. Yoah 're too raskots I'll uppoud yoah, I've a good mind t' brun it.

Con. Wha, your like t' do as yoah win abeawttat; boh it's my box an' I pey'd for 't.

Just. Will teaw brun it?

Con. Now, I'll naw brun it.

Just. Then I'll fine the' e five pound, for naw komink hither t' other day when t' shud ha don.

Con. Wha, yoah mey doo as yoah win abeawttat too; but I'll naw brun my box.

Just. Look ye gemmen, hee as that sedishous wort LIBERTY written ov is box, is hee fit t' bee a kunstable? Mun's brun it? Upon which another sapient son of the bench said, Surs I'd ha yoah to be karefo whot yoah 're abeawt, for iv yoah brun 'n this box, that mon I'll bee oth top on uz, so I'd ha yoah t' give 't im ogen. When his worship who had been his chief examiner said, heear tak it tey an' lets be shut on the' an' kom no mooar heear, for theaw 'rt a raskot I'll uppoud tey.

By this time the affair was blown over the town, and a great concourse of people was collected before the door of the public-house, and the constable, being anxious about his own safety, in-

fisted on one of their worships conducting him through the crowd, reasonably supposing, that if they had been instrumental in raising the Devil, it was their business to lay him at rest. Then one of them very kindly conducted him through the town, when his worship said, dus't think ot kon dgo neaw?---C. No, yoah shannaw leeov mey while there's three foke t'gether, beside I mun ha mey tit. Ne'er heed tey tit, mon, said the Justice, so ot teaw kon geet sefe eawt o' th' teawn, I'l send it after theh. So his worship left him, and poor Mr. Constable was fain to get away without his horse, and walked booted and spurr'd, with whip in his hand, jockey-like, six or seven miles before his horse overtook him.

Thus poor Liberty, and Mr. Constable, very narrowly escaped, the one with his life from the swinish multitude, the other from being condemned to the flames by their sedition-hating worships on the bench.

FROM
THE MANCHESTER GAZETTE
OF MARCH 5, 1796.

MEASTER PRINTUR,

YOAH knone ot abeawt tis time twelmunt, wen yoar'n at Chester, I kawshunt yoah abeawt printink anny think ot wud nettle eawr grete foke at Lunnon, bekose times wur'n so tikkle; boh I think eh meh guts ot tey'r lunger an' t'wur, for they'n hardly beh lookt at neaw, eh sum pleks.-- Yoah knone I towd yoah it wur yeasier fort' tumble into th' Sedishon tub thin t' stride eawt ogen. But whot ta dule dun yoah think ! boh yon' sap-yed ov a printur at ----- has tumbelt into sum fort ov a tub agen : Breawns mon, its not a twelmunt sin he koom eawt o' pris'n afore, for printink an owd Oyerish Pa's'ns funk, an neaw the' sen hee's gett'n in agen, for vexink sum mak ov a chap ot wears a rastikratikal liv'ry kooat : bith wuns! boh I'de ha' teyn kare t'ha held off thoose fort o' kattle, or I'de ha seen whot had stickt on't: Odds flesh, I'de naw kum within th' length ov a barbor's pow on 'em, i've he kud shun 'em: Sum sen ot th' printur pood a feaw

faze at 'im oz hee'r gooink by th' shop dur ; sum
sen ot hee'r pissink ot th' woah side, an' unluk-
kily breek wint bakkart as th' felley went by 'im ;
other foke agen sen, ot when thoose raskots wur'n
shot at -----, ot th' printur put summot i'th'
nuse ot charg't this chap weh being guilty o'
maslakre or sum fitch like wort, ot tis fly-bith'-
sky thout had sum spitefoo meanink, an verry
likely it wur summot o' this sort ot disgruntl't
this nue trump't up Allixandur. Boh its no mat-
tur, o' seyink mitch abeawt 'im ; boh won mey
thump it o' thinkink. Neaw meatstur printur, I
kud like yoah t' gith' Manchester Thinkink Tlub
a bit ov a hint, ot next time ot tey meet'n fort'
think reet feawndly abeawt it, whether shootink
thoose poor raskots wur massakre or naw, an' iv
theh think'n it wur, whether iv sum Jakobin had
bin guilty o' th' like in az gud a kaws, ot sum foke
wud'n not ha kode him akrimson-mindet skeawn-
dril.

Boh when aw's fed an' done, I'm fooary abeawt
tis printur, for monny a weel mecanink mon mey
be lett'n in neaw theese two Lunnon Bills ar'
kom'n eawt ; boh won thinks hee'll be karefoo
for th' time t' kome, for they'n lede pratty weel
o' weight on 'im neaw, for I understand hee mun
be a kompanyon for th' lads e limbo, for siks
munths, an pey thirty peawnd : an so its very
like ot veksink this chap koom to ten peawnds
mooar thin printink an owd pas'n's funk ; beside
he mun ha' three munths mooar heawse reawm
newv. thin hee had afore : For th' last job hee

boh pede twenty peawnd, an' wur boh threeé munths e limbo ; boh theese ar' droy shots heaw-e'er, when theh kom'n uppo poets an' printurs oz weel oz other foke. Boh neaw meastur printur, whot dun yoah think hee mun be don weh when he komes eawt o' th' krib agen ? Sumbody mun be bund with 'im for two year ; an' hooa tha' dule dun yoah think will theese tikkle times ? For I think it wud set Sittiz'n Avery o'th' rang eend fort' invent muzzils ot wudd keep this mon streight i'th' geers, for he mit muzzil 'im booath frunt an' rear, beside makkink 'im t' wear th' hond kufts, or I deawt hee'd bee eh sum mischief theese tikkle times.

Boh, when aw jestink's said an' dun, th' worst ot I wish th' printur is, ot hee may live up to th' eears eh rost beef an' plum puddink weh a pot o' gud breawn ele, awlus at is elbo, an' a pipe o' bakko, weh an onnist frend t' speke too, for six munths ; an' when hee kums eawt, I'de hay' 'im t' be karefo, boh bite oz nee th' whik oz hee dar.

I am, measter printur,

Yoar frend an' weel wisher,

WON O'TH' GRUNTINK HERD.

Porkaria, Feb. 20th, 1796.

FROM THE SAME

OF SEPT. 3, 1796.

PICTURE OF MODERN LOYALTY.

Two persons in the neighbourhood of Ashton under Lyne, remarkable, according to outward professions, for their flaming zeal in supporting the cause of—*Kings and Princes*, versus *Ragamuffins and Jan Culottes*, kept each a dog of the name of *Prince*, previous to the month of July last, one an English spaniel, subject, by the late act, to a tax of 5s.; and the other a small cur, subject to a tax of 3s. a year.—Now, strange to tell! these vehement supporters of Royalty rather than contribute such small sums as the above mentioned, to the *very best of Princes*, towards carrying on this *just and necessary War*, took it into their heads, on Sunday the third of last month, to hang each his household prince—One would think the very name itself sufficient to have palsied their hands in the regicidal attempt, but a circumstance, which happened at the execution of prince spaniel, seems to indicate that tho' the bow-string may be well enough adapted for the dispatching of *subjects* in Turkey, it will not have quite so sure and certain an effect on some *princes*; for the aforesaid prince spaniel, having hung the usual time, was taken down, and laid on the ground, while his executioner fell to digging a grave—this Jack Ketch Sexton had not been many minutes at work, but on turning his head aside, he found to his no small surprise, that his Highness had risen up and walked off some paces, and was eyeing the grave digging operation with a very inquisitive look, on which the operator broke out into the following exclamation:—“ Od dam thee prince, art teaw whick’nt again? I find I began at rang wark furst, boh I’ll be a match for th’.

for I'll be like th' owd woman, when hoo set Jannocks ith' oon, ot clapt up th' oon stome oz soon oz hoo'd done, for fear'd on 'em runnink eawt ogen, for I'll mey th' hole reddy afore ot eh tee the' up ogen." Which he accordingly did, and poor Prince was executed a second time, and buried as speedily as possible, to prevent the disagreeable consequences of a resuscitation.

FROM THE SAME

OF NOVEMBER 22, 1795.

ENOCH DISGRACED.

A BRIMSTONE hot, loyal son of the forge, commonly called a blacksmith, at Stayley Bridge, near Ashton-under-lyne, (being stimulated more by interest than idleness) lately erected an instrument on the opposite side of his anvil, to which he gave the name of Enoch, which was to do the duty of a fellow-labourer, by assisting him in turning horse-shoes, and doing other strong work. And as the nature of this one arm assistant required neither meat, drink, washing, nor even a bed to lie down upon, honest Vulcan promised to himself no small advantage. All things being now ready, in order to try the operation he puts a piece of iron into the fire, and pours forth a copious blast of wind, sufficient to have supplied all the bagpipes in Scotland to play the *Reels of Bogie* for a fortnight. After about ten minutes nod and puff, the smith takes the iron from the fire, and lays it upon the anvil and by the tip of a tradle, Enoch instantly obeyed the signal; when unfortunately the blacksmith holding his head rather too low, honest Enoch struck his master full in the face; which unfortunate stroke th'ew poor Vulcan upon his back: after lying a few minutes he reco-

vered himself a little, and presented a most frightful spectacle ; the gnomon of his face stood awry, all besmeared with crimson gore.

As soon as he recovered the use of his speech, he broke out into this exclamation, " G—d d...n thee, Enoch, boh I'll gi' thee theh bonds; theaws soon gett'n shut o' thy prentyship weh meh ; thoose mey tey theh ot win, for I've ha no moro o' thy farvis."

Thus poor Enoch, fell under irretrievable disgrace, at the time he was yielding implicit obedience to the dictates of his master.

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### FROM THE SAME OF MARCH 12, 1796.

#### ANECDOTE.

IT is related of old Doctor Clayton, the celebrated water-caster, in this country, that it was usual with him to admit his patients into that part of the house where an arch servant girl was about her businels, there to wait their turn to approach the sage disciple of Galen. It happened one morning a number of persons from different parts were got together discourling what their businels was, where they came from, &c. &c. One man said his wife had fallen down stairs, and had been poorly ever since. The servant girl on hearing this, immediately acquainted the Doctor with this circumstance. When it was this man's turn to come before him, he says, " here Doktur I browt yoah meh wiv's weatur t' look at...any person who had the opportunity of hearing the Doctor, knew him to be as rusticated

in his dialect as any of his patients. After pouring out the water, and looking a few minutes at it consequentially, he said, "Why mon the' wife has fown deawn stears I see!" "Eigh!" says the man "han yoah fund tat eawt!" iv yoah kon tell that, yoah kon tell heaw monny steps hoo fell down." The Doctor takes up the phial of water again, and turning it two or three times about opposite the window, said, "Wha mon the' wife mit as weel o' bin kilt, hoos fown deawn a dozen steps I find!" "Wha," says the man, "yoar vere faws\*, boah oz faws oz yoah ar, yoan mist it, for hoo fell deawn fifteen!" "Wha," says the Doctor, "did teaw bring O th' wetur?" "Nough," says the man, "I flat a little sope eawt, ot Bot'l wud naw houd," "Ho, ho!" says the Doctor, "that's tha very thing, weh thee doink fo, theaw threw thoos three steps awey!"

\* Cunning.



# GLOSSARY.

## A.

Abeawt, about  
Akkeawnt, account  
Aks, axe  
Akts, acts  
Argilink, a:guing  
Asho, Asia  
Att, at it  
Attaint, attained  
Awhoam, at home  
Awlos, always  
Awnfor, anfwer  
Awtrekaishon, alteration  
Ax, ask; pret. ax'nt.

## B.

Bakort, backward  
Baws'n, burst  
Beawt, without  
Beet'n, beat  
Bekoink, beealling, villifying  
Bekoze, because  
Belung'nt, belonged  
Bledderyed, blockhead  
Bo', beau  
Boah, but  
Bothom, bottom  
Boyh, buy  
Breant, brains knocked out  
Breawn, brown  
Brenes, brains  
Breethur, brothers  
Bridneezink, seeking birds'-  
  'nefts  
Brunt, burnt or burned  
Byeat'n, beaten

## C.

Chonse, chance  
Churn-milk, butter-milk  
Chuz, chuse, or let it be ever  
  so much

## D.

Deawn, down  
Deeof, deaf

Deeoth, death  
Deskribt, described  
Doff, to put off, or do off  
Don, to put on, or do on  
Droyve, drive  
Dubb'nt, bubbled, cut shorter  
Dunnaw, do not

## E.

Lawers, ours  
Eawt, out  
Eend, end  
Eigh, yes  
Eigh ! interjection or surprise,  
  meaning, " Is it so ?"  
Ekpekt, expect  
'Em, or hom, them  
Esmidink, dunghill

## F.

Farrantlier, better, more ho-  
  norale, from fair and clean  
Feath, faith  
Feawly, foully, from foul  
Feightink, fighting  
Fene, fain glad  
Flatkart, struggled  
Flire, fleer, or laugh  
Flogt, flogged  
Foak or foke, folk  
Fone, fallen, from fall  
Fooarst, forced  
Forrod, forward  
Fort, fault  
Fort', far to  
Fotto, fetch you  
Foyar, fire,  
Furr, further

## G.

Gajer, gauger, one who gauges  
Gam, game, or sport  
Geawfe, guesf  
Gethurt, gathered  
'E Godfnum, in God's name,  
  according to Nature

## GLOSSARY.

|                                 |                                 |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Greathly, rightly, truely, pro- | Klemt or tlemt, starved, pinch- |
| perly                           | ed by hunger                    |
| Gooah, go                       | Klumsy, awkward, clownish,      |
| Groo, grow                      | or clumsy                       |
| Guthur, a small drain           | Knode, knew                     |
| H.                              | Kode'n, called                  |
| Had'n, had                      | Koc eawt, call out              |
| Halliballoo, clamorous, dif-    | Koink, calling                  |
| pute, or uproar                 | Kon, can                        |
| Han, have                       | Konnaw, cannot                  |
| Hannaw, have not                | Konshonse, conscience           |
| Hark'nink, hearing, or hark-    | Konsithurt, considered          |
| ening                           | Koem or Koom'n, came            |
| Hawfe, horse                    | Korner, corner, or angle        |
| Hawve, half                     | Kose, cause                     |
| Heaw, how                       | Krak, an instant of time        |
| Heawns, hounds                  | Kratchen, conceit, or scheme.   |
| Heawse, house                   | Kreawn, crown                   |
| Heear, here, in this place      | Krope, crept                    |
| Hodge-podge, confused mix-      | Kross, angry                    |
| ture                            | Kry'd or kryd'n, cryed          |
| Ho, hall                        | Kud, could                      |
| Hoo, she                        | L.                              |
| Hoo'd, she had                  | Lant, urine                     |
| Hoo're, she was                 | Leearnink, learning             |
| Hout-te-beth-woes, hold-thee-   | Leef, rather                    |
| by-the-walls                    | Leighink, laughing              |
| Hoyd, hide, the skin            | Leketurink, lecturing           |
| Hyeddet, beheaded               | Letherhyeds, blockheads         |
| Hyeorink, hearing               | Letthur, letter                 |
| Hyew'd, hewed                   | Liket', forced                  |
| I. & J.                         | Likkor, liquor                  |
| Jannoks, loaves made of oat-    | Likker, more likely             |
| meal                            | Lob, to prison, or destruction  |
| Jorum, an undefined quantity    | Loyt, few                       |
| Im, him                         | M.                              |
| Inneaw, by and by               | Maut, malt                      |
| I're, I was                     | Meastur, master                 |
| Iv t' must, if thou must        | Meawth, mouth                   |
| K.                              | Meddel'nt, meddled              |
| Kersmus, Christmas              | Mcean, to complain              |
| Kersfunt, christened            | Meenv, many                     |
| Kewart, cured                   | Meeon, intend, or have a        |
| Kloosas or cloas, clothes       | meaning                         |

## GLOSSARY.

Meet, might as well  
 Meh, my  
 Min, may  
 Mitchwhot, almost  
 Mitt'n, might or could  
 Monyoah or monny, many  
 Mukmiddink, dunghill  
 Mun, must  
 Munnaw, must not  
N.  
 Nashon, nation  
 Naw, not  
 Neaw, now, at this time  
 Nebors, neighbours  
 Nee, nigh  
 Nipe, trick or wile  
 Noan, none  
 Now or nough, no  
 Nowt, nought

### O.

Oathur, either  
 O' or ov, of  
 O'erkoms, overcomes  
 Okashon, occasion  
 O, all  
 Olung, through, or by reaſon of  
 Oon, oven  
 Op'nt, opened  
 Ordthurt, ordered  
 Ordthur, order  
 Ot or tat, that  
 O'that'n, in that manner  
 Owd, old  
 Owt, any thing  
 Oytch, each, or every  
P.

Parsekutet, persecuted  
 Pashonſe, patience  
 Peawar, many  
 Peawart, poured down  
 Peawnd, pound  
 Peeos, peace  
 Pecofable, peaceable  
 Pelink, beating or striking

|                                         |  |
|-----------------------------------------|--|
| Pleks, places                           |  |
| Poke, a ſmall bag                       |  |
| Pooink, pulling                         |  |
| Pratty, pretty                          |  |
| Profes'nt, profefſed                    |  |
| Put'nt, put                             |  |
| R.                                      |  |
| Rabblement, rabble                      |  |
| Raddlink, a ſtaff, or pike              |  |
| Rafkot, rafcal                          |  |
| Reawin, room                            |  |
| Reawnd, round                           |  |
| Reeam, cream                            |  |
| Reeos'n, reaſon                         |  |
| Reeos'nink, reaſoning                   |  |
| Reet, right                             |  |
| Rekk'n, iuſpoſe                         |  |
| Releevt, relieved                       |  |
| Right th' botham, reached to the bottom |  |
| Rook, heap or cluſter,                  |  |
| S.                                      |  |
| Sarr, forer, or much more               |  |
| Seawterhyed, blockhead, or dunce        |  |
| Sek, ſack                               |  |
| Shawm, shame                            |  |
| Sheawt, shout                           |  |
| Sheeads, ſurpaſſes                      |  |
| Shiftet, removed                        |  |
| Shoone or thune, ſhoes                  |  |
| Shud'n, ſhould                          |  |
| Shue, ſhovel or ſpade                   |  |
| Sin or fun, ſince                       |  |
| Skawd n, ſcalded                        |  |
| Skufes, excuſes                         |  |
| Sojurs, ſoldiers                        |  |
| Sofiaſhon, aſſociation                  |  |
| Speid, enquired                         |  |
| Start'nt, ſtarṭed, or firſt ſet out     |  |
| Steel, ſtole                            |  |
| Ston'n, itud                            |  |
| Stoodhyeds, blockiſh, ſtepid fellows    |  |

## GLOSSARY.

Stroakink, rubbing  
 Subskripshion, subscription  
 Summot, soniething  
 Swallot, swallowed  
 Swapt, exchanged  
 Swear, swore

### T.

Ta'en to th' dur, taken to the  
     door, surprised  
 Takink, taking  
 Takst, taxed  
 Tawkink, talking  
 Tayne, taken  
 Teres, there is  
 That'n, that manner  
 Theaw'd, thou would  
 Theaws, thou has  
 Theawsant, thousand  
 The'rn or tey'rn, they were  
 Thersels, themselves  
 'They'd'n or tey'd'n, they had  
 They'n, they have  
 Thrung, busy

Tleevink, cleaving  
 Toar on, just keep alive  
 Toose, those  
 Towd, told  
 Toyart, tired, fatigued  
 Treeos'n, treason  
 Trubbl't, troubled

Twazzy, ill-natured, snappish  
 Twinink, Twisting

### U.

Unekspektet, unexpected  
 Uthurs, others.

### W.

Wammo, weak or faint  
 Wappink, fleeing off in haste  
 Waid, world

Warty, week day, not Sunday  
 Waukink, walking ..  
 We' or weh, with  
 Wee'd'n, we had  
 Wee'n, we will, or, we have  
 Wee're, we are  
 Weh'im, with him  
 Weh'em, with them  
 Welly, well nigh, almost  
 Wha, well  
 Whewink, waving loosely  
 Whooa or whooah, who  
 Whot, hot  
 Whots, what is  
 Whik, alive, lively  
 Wheel, whôle  
 Winnow, will not  
 Winthurs neet; Winter's night  
 Worcht, worked  
 Wough an pees, a few yards  
     of a weaver's warp  
 Wud'n, would  
 Wunse, once  
 Wunthurs, wonders  
 Wur'n, were  
 Wur'n, were  
 Wutt-cakes, cakes made of  
     oat-meal

### Y.

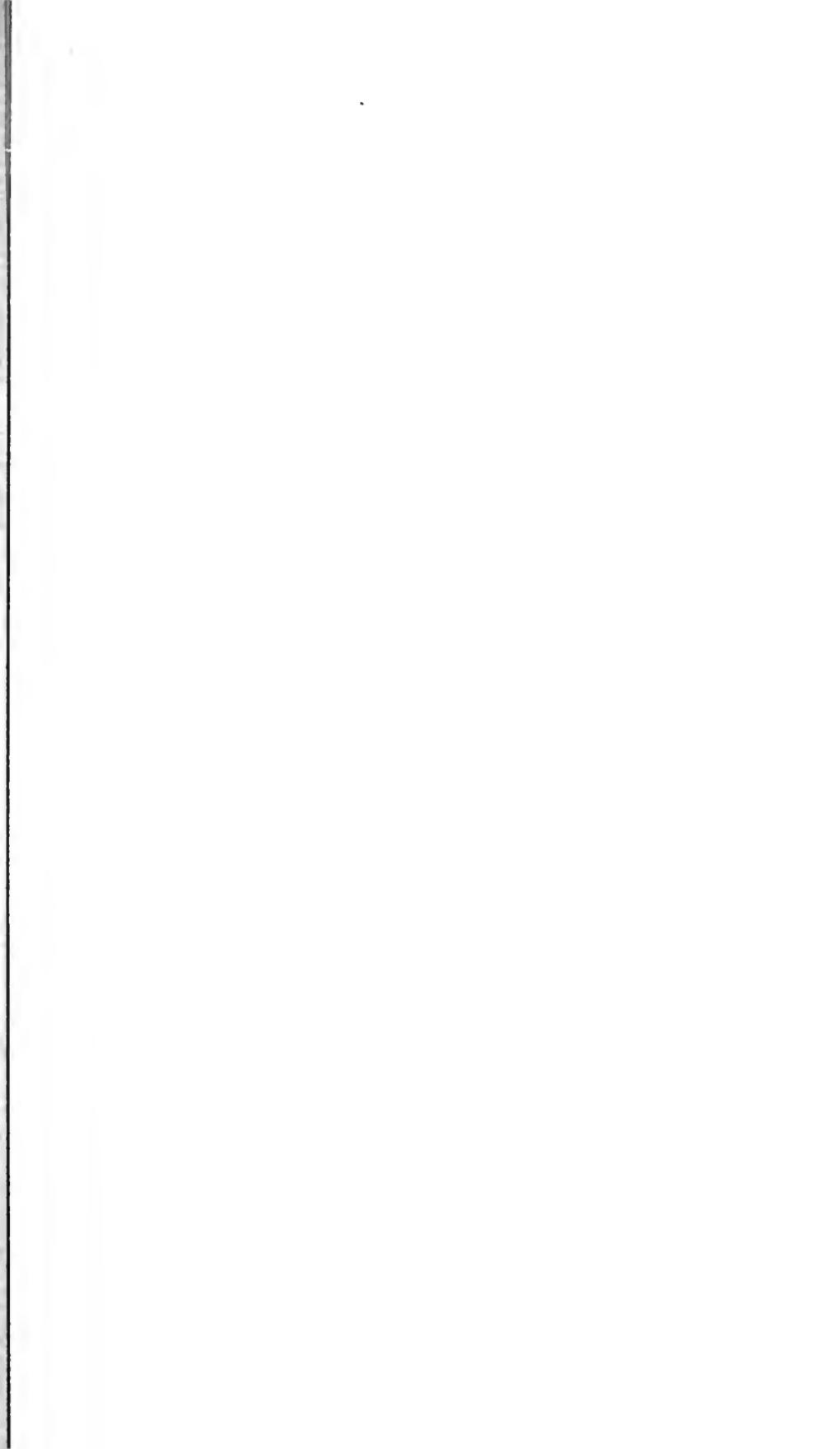
Yeawlink, howling  
 Yigh, yea  
 Yoâh, you  
 Yoah'dn, you would  
 Yoah'n, you will  
 Yoarsel, yourself  
 Yurope, Europe

### Z.

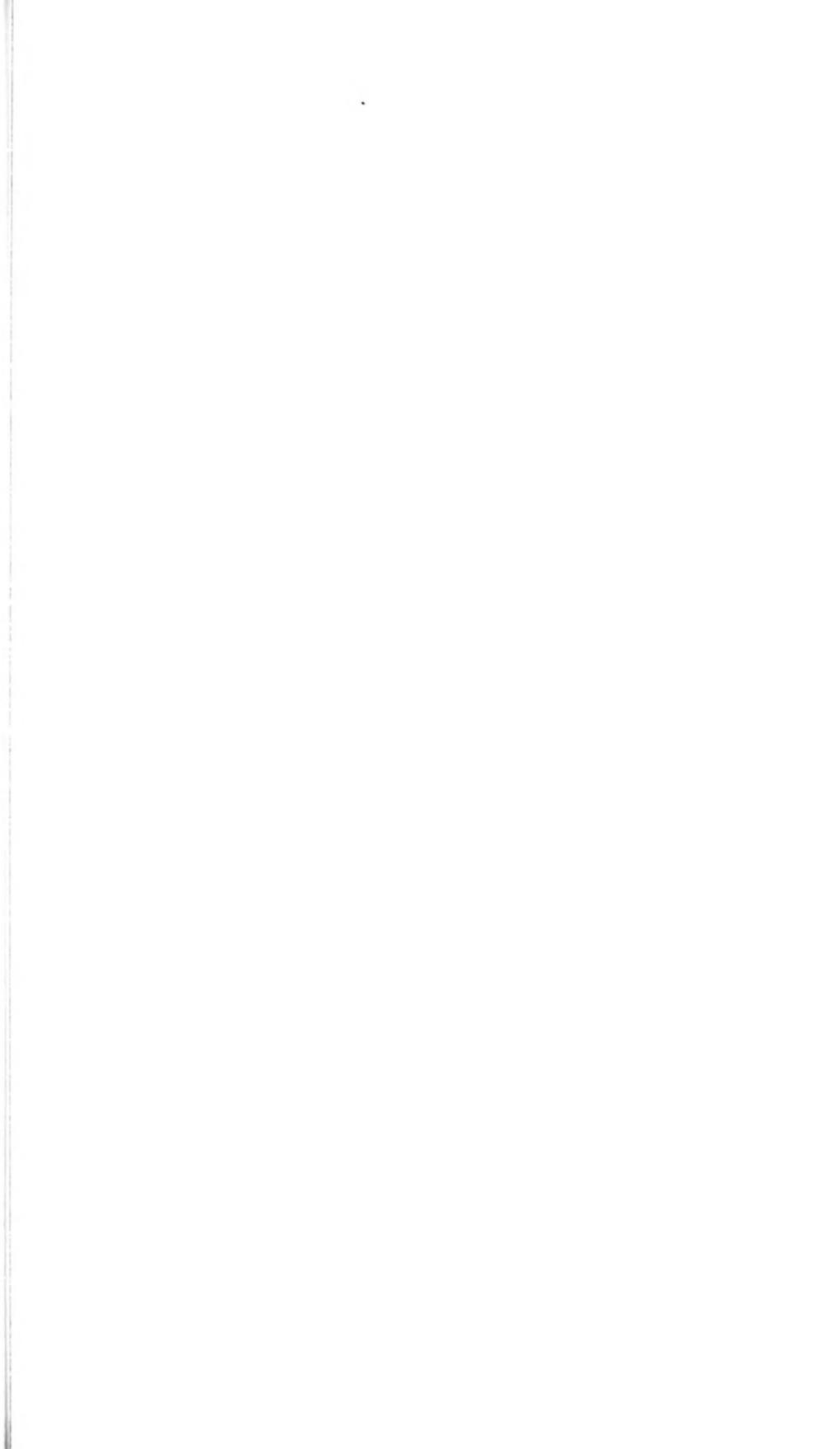
Zeawns, zounds

FINIS.

COWDROY, PRINT.







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